

The Outlook

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The Election: The Presidential Vote

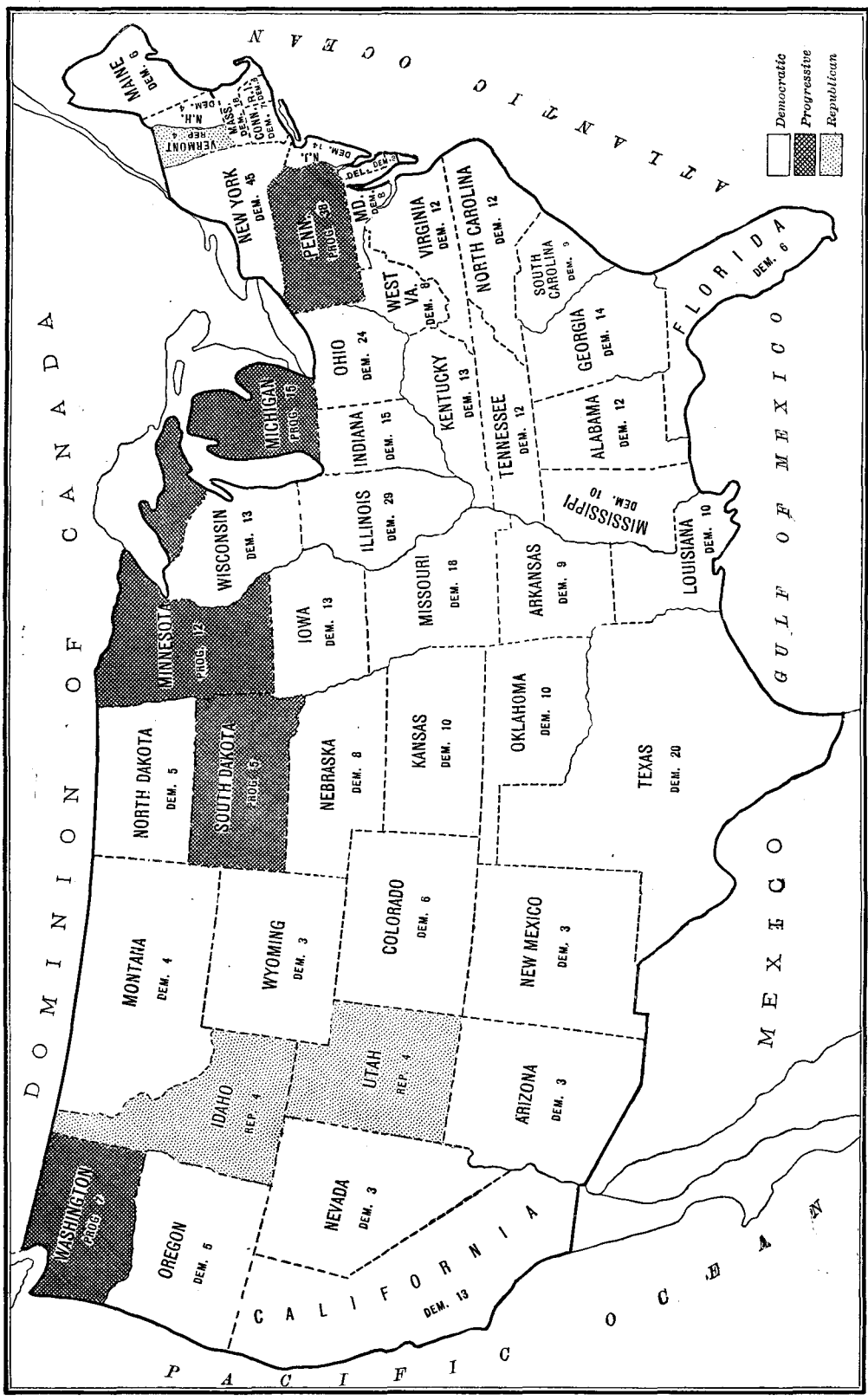
Since the Civil War the Democratic party has not been in control of all three branches of the Government except during the latter part of President Cleveland's second Administration. From March 4 next the new Democratic President will have the support of a majority both in the Senate (although there is a possibility of this failing) and in the lower house, and his party will, when united, have full power and full responsibility. The exact total number of votes to be cast for the Presidential candidates in the Electoral College was in doubt even as late as four days after the election because of the delay in securing full returns from remote districts in two or three doubtful States. On the following page will be found a map indicating graphically the number of the electoral votes in each State and the way in which they will be cast. If California's thirteen votes and Illinois's twenty-nine votes go to Wilson, the total Wilson vote in the Electoral College will be 442, or 176 more than the 266 necessary to a choice. Mr. Roosevelt carried Michigan, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Minnesota, and Washington, with a total of seventy-seven electoral votes; Mr. Taft, Idaho, Utah, and Vermont, with a total of twelve electoral votes. Reports as to the popular vote the country over are still incomplete, but it is not far from 15,000,000 (divided approximately into three and a half millions for Mr. Taft, four millions for Mr. Roosevelt, over six millions for Mr. Wilson, and the rest for the Socialists and minor parties), while the total popular vote in 1908 was 14,887,133, divided as follows, so far as the three largest parties were concerned: Republicans, 7,679,006; Democrats, 6,409,106; Socialists (including the Socialist Labor party, about 14,000), 434,645. Governor Wilson, with all his large majority in the Electoral College, did not receive a majority

of the popular vote. If the estimate given above is correct, the growth in the total popular vote in the last four years has been astonishingly small, and it is at least possible that completed figures will increase the total above estimated. The Socialists claim in the neighborhood of a million votes, and it seems unquestioned that, even if their 1908 vote has not been doubled as they hope, it has been substantially increased. It is not correct, as some commentators have done, to add together the Taft and Roosevelt votes and judge from the total how a straight-out contest between Republicans and Democrats would have resulted, because, on the one hand, many non-Progressive Republicans voted for Wilson, and, on the other, many Democrats voted outside of their party lines in both directions. The total Democratic vote as estimated is about 300,000 less than in 1908. That is, Mr. Wilson, who is elected, received a smaller vote than Mr. Bryan, who was defeated. The deductions to be drawn at large from the results of the Presidential election are discussed on another page. In Governor Wilson's statement made the day after election he said:

The result fills me with the hope that the thoughtful progressive forces of the Nation may now at last unite to give the country freedom of enterprise and a government released from all selfish and private influences and devoted to justice and progress. There is absolutely nothing for the honest and enlightened business men of the country to fear.

No man whose business is conducted without violation of the rights of free competition and without such private understandings and secret alliances as violate the principle of our law and the policy of all wholesome commerce and enterprise need fear either interference or embarrassment from the Administration.

Our hope and purpose is now to bring all the free forces of the Nation into active and intelligent co-operation and to give to our prosperity a freshness and spirit and a confidence such as it has not had in our time.



THE VOTE BY STATES

Summary of Electoral Votes: Wilson, 442; Roosevelt, 77; Taft, 12. This is on the suppositions that California's votes are given to Wilson and Idaho's votes to Taft, both of which were in question when this map was drawn

The Election: Congress

The apparent result of the election has been to make Congress Democratic in both branches. Thus the balloting gives the Democrats full control at Washington for the first time since 1892. So far as the House of Representatives is concerned, the outgoing Congress—the Sixty-second—was already Democratic. It now becomes doubly so in majority; indeed, it is anticipated that the majority may considerably exceed a hundred and fifty over the combined Republican and Progressive strength. The Progressive strength will exceed sixteen, so it is said. The Senate is more evenly divided, the effect of more complete returns from the doubtful States being to cut down the estimated Democratic majority. The present returns, however, leave little doubt that President-elect Wilson will have the support of half the membership of the Senate, which—with Governor Marshall, of Indiana, in the chair as Vice-President with the casting vote—would mean the control of the upper house. A full Senate consists of ninety-six members. The terms of one-third of the Senators expire on March 3, 1913. Because of the deaths of Senators Hughes, of Colorado, and Heyburn, of Montana, and of the ousting of Senator Lorimer, of Illinois, there is a total of thirty-five seats to fill. Several Senators have already been elected by the State Legislatures: for instance, Senator Bankhead, of Alabama, has already been chosen to succeed himself; Representative James, of Kentucky, has been elected to succeed Senator Paynter, and Representative Ransdell, of Louisiana, to succeed Senator Foster. Senators Martin, of Virginia, and Fall, of New Mexico, have already been chosen to succeed themselves, and Senator Vardaman, of Mississippi, has been named to succeed Senator Percy. Of the Republican Senators holding over and likely to be elected, at least ten have called themselves Progressives, though not as many have supported the Progressive party. As to the appearance of the new Congress, its most striking feature at first will probably be not so much the presence of new members as the absence of old. In the House a large number of picturesque and interesting men have failed of re-election, among them ex-Speaker Cannon and Representative McKinley, of Illinois; Representative Crumpacker, of Indiana; Representatives Currier and Sulloway, of New Hampshire; and Representative Hill, of

Connecticut. In the Senate Mr. Crane, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Bailey, of Texas, retired voluntarily; Mr. Dixon, of Montana, and Mr. Bourne, of Oregon, failed of re-election. A defeated candidate at the primaries was Senator Curtis, of Kansas; he was worsted by Governor Stubbs; Mr. Stubbs, however, is now himself defeated by his Democratic opponent, Mr. Thompson. Another defeated candidate at the primaries was Senator Cullom, of Illinois; he has served longer in the Senate than any other living Senator, and his political activity dates back to the days of Lincoln.



The Elections in the States

Naturally, the same public sentiment that resulted in the election of Mr. Wilson showed itself in the State elections by the success of many Democratic State tickets. About two-thirds of the States elected Governors, and a large majority of these are Democratic. In these State elections the Republican party did not suffer as severely as it did in the Presidential election. In several instances it happened that the Republican candidate for Governor was either elected or nearly elected, while the Republican electoral ticket of the State stood third. In Minnesota, for example, in which Roosevelt stood first, Wilson second, and Taft a poor third, the Republican nominee for the Governorship was chosen. The local organization is always chiefly interested in the local ticket, and withstands most vigorously any attempt to dislodge it from control over local offices. This partly explains the way in which a number of Republican State tickets survived the shock of battle which routed the National Republican organization. In some cases, moreover, the Republican ticket successfully appealed to a large number of Progressive voters. Among the State tickets chosen that of New York easily stands out as most conspicuous. This is due to the fact that the Progressive nominee, Mr. Oscar S. Straus, is a man not only of National but of international reputation. His vote was surpassed by that of each of his two chief opponents. The successful candidate, Mr. Sulzer, has for years been a member of the Tammany organization. He is the first member of Tammany to sit in the Governor's chair since the days of Tweed. His election is a proof of the political astuteness of the Tammany leader. By means of this election Mr. Murphy becomes the Democratic leader of the largest and richest State

in the Union. The National Democratic victory has also carried into power the other two members of the so-called Murphy-Taggart-Sullivan triumvirate. In Indiana the Taggart Democratic machine, with Mr. Ralston as its candidate, triumphed over the Progressives headed by Senator Beveridge; and in Illinois the Sullivan Democratic machine, with Mr. Dunne as its candidate, triumphed over the Republicans, who were second, as well as over the Progressives headed by Mr. Funk. In Ohio the Progressive State ticket was third in the race, which was won by the Democrats, who made Congressman James M. Cox successor to Governor Harmon. Winston Churchill, who was early the leader of the Progressive movement in New Hampshire, and was the Progressive nominee to succeed his Progressive associate, Governor Bass, was defeated. In Massachusetts Governor Foss was re-elected as a consequence of the general Democratic landslide, but the Legislature remains Republican. In Connecticut Governor Baldwin was not only re-elected over his opponents, Judge Studley, Republican, and Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, Progressive, but was given a Democratic Legislature. Among the Republican candidates for Governor several were in sympathy with the Progressive movement and had the support of Progressives. Among these perhaps the most conspicuous is Governor McGovern, of Wisconsin. By virtue of the Progressive support he has been elected, though his State voted for the Democratic Presidential ticket. One interesting feature of the State elections is supplied by Kansas. In that State certain voters are allowed to cast their vote by mail, but their votes are not counted until three days after those which have been cast at the polls. There were about three thousand of these votes by mail. So close was the contest between the Democratic nominee, Mr. Hodges, and the candidate of the Progressives, who controlled the Republican machinery, Arthur Capper, editor of the Topeka "Capital," that the result was not known before the mail vote was counted. Woman's suffrage gained a great victory. Of the five States in which the question was voted upon—Oregon, Kansas, Arizona, Wisconsin, and Michigan—Wisconsin was the only one which rejected it. Michigan now supplants California as the most populous State of those having woman suffrage. West Virginia adopted at this election State prohibition.

The Balkan War : The Bulgarian Advance

Following the Battle of Lule-Burgas, described on another page, last week's most striking events in the Balkan war were the Bulgarian attack upon Tchataldja and the capture of Salonika by the Greeks. Tchataldja is the name of the long line of fortifications about twenty-five miles from Constantinople and extending practically from the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmora. Thus the fortifications make a little separate territory of the city and surroundings of Constantinople—something like our District of Columbia about Washington, though without any separate political character. The battle spread out all along the line. It began at the northeastern end, near Derkos, a place located on the lake of the same name. Constantinople receives its water supply from this lake. At Tchataldja, as at Lule-Burgas last week, the Bulgarians found the Turks weakened by insufficient provision and more than ever disheartened by the successive defeats sustained since the war began. The Turks were repulsed from the principal points of the Tchataldja line. A horde of wounded, beaten, and demoralized soldiers has now fallen back to Constantinople, together with refugees from the near-by villages. Hence pillage and even massacre have been feared, especially among the hundreds of thousands of Christians in the capital. Conditions have improved because of the arrival of foreign war-ships—to one of them the members of the American School for Girls have been transferred. The presence of the foreign war-ships, and especially the conference of their commanders to agree upon methods of keeping order, have lessened the general alarm, and have given point to the notification of the foreign ambassadors at Constantinople that, if trouble occurs, they will immediately take whatever measures they may think necessary to protect the subjects of their countries. The armored cruisers Montana and Tennessee, now in reserve at the Philadelphia Navy-Yard, have been ordered to rush to Turkish waters to look after the interests of American citizens. The Montana and Tennessee are sister ships of 14,500 tons displacement and are among the speediest large vessels in the navy. An interesting and possibly historic event of last week was the transference of the Turkish Government's archives from Constantinople to Brusa, about fifty-seven miles to the southeast in Asia Minor. Brusa

was once the capital of the Turkish Sultans. Some of the harems in Constantinople have also been transferred thither—an even more picturesque and it is to be hoped equally significant event. It looks like the retreat of the Turkish social as well as political system before the advance of European civilization.



**The Balkan War :
The Advance on Salonika** At the end of last week the Greeks captured Salonika.

This marks the close of the most brilliant campaign fought by the Greek army since classic times. In three weeks the Greek army has been able to overcome the supposedly impregnable Turkish defenses of the frontier and to fight its way, capturing town after town in Macedonia, to Salonika, the chief port of the Ægean Sea. Salonika is the second city of European Turkey. Next to Constantinople it has been the chief object coveted by the allies. It is not coveted by them alone, but also by Austria; for many years Austria has made no secret of her intention of proceeding southward to the Ægean: it is also no secret that if she had not felt so inclined of her own accord she would have been forced to it by Germany. The success of the Greek army has been doubled by that of the navy, which had already occupied the principal Ægean islands, and last week added to them the occupation of Tenedos at the entrance of the Dardanelles, an island famous in the Iliad story. A part of the Greek fleet was already in the Gulf of Salonika awaiting its prey. Of course the Greek papers are jingo, as usual, and declare that they will never give up any territory occupied by them; that remains to be seen. More significant is their declaration, first that the Turkish throne must be transferred to Asia Minor, and, second, that reforms for the benefit of the great population there must also be introduced. Last week's Servian advance was also extremely notable. The Turkish defeat at Kumanova was so complete that the pursuing Servians found the mountain passes to the south abandoned by the Turks; these passes, it was expected, would be the scene of desperate resistance. Thus one part of the Servian army was able to join the Bulgarians in their investment of Adrianople, the third city in Turkey-in-Europe; the other part has, it is reported, captured Monastir, the fourth city of European Turkey; it was formerly a

Serb possession, and the majority of its inhabitants are still Slavs. In Albania the fortress of Scutari has not yet surrendered to the Montenegrins, who have, however, captured a number of other important cities. The Montenegrins have been welcomed by the Christian Albanians, but have been unwelcome to the Albanian Mohammedans. Divided religiously, the Albanians racially form a compact and distinct group, and aspire not only to autonomy but to independence—indeed, Germany, Austria, and Italy, it is said, have already agreed that Albania shall become an independent kingdom, under the Duke of the Abruzzi, brother of the King of Italy, as ruler. On the other hand, it is reported that Prince Ghirka, President of the Albanian National Commission, is to be proclaimed king.



**The Balkan War :
The Red Cross** Last week the American Red Cross appealed for funds to carry on relief work in Turkey. The appeal was signed by President Taft as President of the Red Cross, and by Assistant Secretary of State Huntington Wilson, Chairman of the Board of International Relief. As the appeal says, it is difficult to bring home to the people in this country the appalling suffering involved in a winter war in the Balkans. Communication is difficult there, and the cold is intense. Moreover, the fighting in the Balkan war is specially bitter and severe. To meet all this, the medical organizations available are entirely inadequate to care for the large number of wounded, who are in desperate condition. The British, German, and other Continental Red Cross Societies are sending parties of doctors and nurses with hospital supplies. But, because of the distance, the American Red Cross will not send expeditions; instead it earnestly appeals to the generosity of Americans to aid the sick and wounded. Contributions should be sent to the American Red Cross at Washington, or to Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, Red Cross Treasurer, 52 William Street, New York City, or to any other local Red Cross treasurer. We hope that the gifts from this country will be as liberal as possible, and that the American Red Cross will be an efficient aid in the general work of humanity in Turkey. An appeal for funds is also made by the American branch of the Red Crescent Society, an organization founded by the Turks on lines similar to those of the Red Cross. In the Red Cres-

cent appeal mention is made of the series of misfortunes which preceded the present calamity—the revolution and counter-revolution, the war with Italy, the cholera, the earthquake, and the devastating fires in Constantinople. The Greek Red Cross Society in Athens has an American committee to receive funds for the work of that society. A fund has also been established for aiding needy reservists to return to Greece and for assisting the families left behind here; the appeal has been strikingly successful. It may be added that not only have reservists gone back to the colors by thousands, but the would-be volunteers have had to be rejected in large numbers.



The Election in Cuba

The Presidential election in Cuba on November 1 attracted less attention than it deserves in this country because of the intense interest in our own political affairs. The choice of General Menocal, the Conservative leader who was defeated four years ago at the polls, is perhaps not of very much significance so far as his personal triumph over his Liberal opponent, Dr. Zayas, is concerned. That which is of great significance and interest, and that upon which the people of Cuba are to be cordially congratulated, is that once more a Presidential election campaign has been fought without serious disturbance; that the actual polling on election day took place in almost as quiet and orderly fashion as would be the case in New York or Massachusetts; and that a political revolution, from the party point of view, has taken place in entire conformance with law, and the result has been accepted quietly by the people of the island. It is true that there was some rioting in Havana a week or more before the election, and there were slight disturbances elsewhere; but there was certainly nothing like an organized attempt to settle political disputes by an appeal to arms, or to resist the will of the people. The significance of the absence of passion or rioting on election day is all the more noticeable because the defeated party contains the more radical and probably the more violent classes of voters. General Menocal evidently has the confidence of the business portion of the community and of the more conservative citizens generally. His triumph is largely a protest against various arbitrary acts on the part of the recent President, José Gomez; and it

also seems to sustain the assertion made by the Liberals that Cuban finances have been mismanaged under the recent Administration, and that there have been at least suspicious circumstances relating to the financial conduct of members of the Government. General Menocal has much to do in order to restore the right relations between people and Government. But there is reason to hope that the affairs of the island are entering on a more hopeful condition than has existed since the withdrawal of direct control by the United States. Every year that passes without a breakdown of the republican form of government in Cuba adds to the confidence in the stability of that government, and to the hope that Cuba will little by little make itself a thoroughly self-respecting, independent, and efficient republic. That it will ultimately do so it is not unreasonable to expect, and so may the United States be justified in its unselfish attempt to establish Cuba on such a basis.



Career of Captain Brinkley

Captain Frank Brinkley, who died in Tokyo on the 28th of October, was one of the best known of the many able Westerners who went to Japan in the first decade after the visit of Commodore Perry, and who devoted their lives to the promotion of Japanese interests and prosperity. He was born in England in 1841, and sailed for Japan soon after the completion of his education. At the early age of twenty-six he was appointed to command the Japanese Royal Artillery, and four years later he became principal instructor in the Marine Artillery College in Tokyo. He afterward served as Professor of Mathematics in the Imperial Engineering College, and was appointed foreign adviser of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the most important steamship line in Japan. In 1881 he became the proprietor of the Japan "Mail," of Yokohama, and this influential English journal he managed and edited up to the time of his death. He also acted for many years as Tokyo correspondent of the London "Times." He was universally recognized as one of the leading authorities on Japan, and his knowledge of Japanese art in particular was wide and accurate. His "Japan" (London, 1901) and "Japan and China" (twelve volumes, London, 1903) were monumental works, and he was the author also of an Unabridged Japanese-English Diction-

ary and of the comprehensive article on "Japan" in the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. This article alone, if published separately, would make a good-sized volume. As a capable teacher, a judicious counselor, and a sympathetic interpreter of Japan to the Western world Captain Brinkley rendered valuable and distinguished service to the country of his adoption, and the late Emperor recognized such service by decorating him with the insignia of the Sacred Treasure and the Rising Sun. Captain Brinkley married early in life a Japanese lady, and his daughters, who are now young women, have been trained in England and are graduates of Girton College.



A Valuable Measure of Justice

The daily press reports a series of revised rules adopted by the Supreme Court of the United States, but applicable to all Federal courts. We hope that, in their spirit if not in their form, they may prove of value as a suggestion of reform to those of our State courts in which reform of procedure is needed. This revision is the work of a sub-committee of the Supreme Court appointed by the Chief Justice. The committee has had the advantage of expressions from the various Federal judges, bar associations, and prominent lawyers of the country. Our legal readers will look to law journals for detailed information respecting these rules. Their general object is to promote simplicity in proceedings, to expedite court procedure, and to prevent a reversal by appellate courts for purely technical errors in the court below. The matter of greatest popular interest is the rule respecting preliminary injunctions. It has always been the theory of the courts that preliminary injunctions shall not be granted without notice to the opposite party, unless immediate or irreparable loss or damage will result to the applicant before the matter can be heard on notice. But this theoretical rule has been suffered to fall into abeyance in practice, a mere statement in the papers before the court that such irreparable damage would ensue being often, if not generally, regarded as sufficient. Under the new rule the danger of such irreparable damage must be made to appear clearly from specified facts shown to the court under oath. It is further provided that the hearing on the injunction shall not be postponed later than ten days from the date of the order, and may be brought up

upon two days' notice to the party obtaining such temporary injunction, if the party enjoined so desires. It is not probable that any rule issued by the Court will of itself prevent the injustice which has been perpetrated by the practice of issuing temporary injunctions without notice. But this rule of the Supreme Court has been obtained after much public discussion and much conference with both the courts and lawyers; and The Outlook thinks that there is reason to hope that it is not merely a rule authoritatively issued by the Supreme Court, but is also the expression of a purpose shared by the judges and the bar generally to put a stop to a custom which has grown up gradually and without deliberate purpose, and which has been increasingly felt to be unjust.



Home Mission Week

What are the churches going to do to bear their share of the burdens that modern social conditions have laid upon the people of this country? That, in substance, is the chief question that is to be presented to the churches next week. For three months there has been an organized attempt to call to the attention of the churches the pressing questions of home missions. These are not merely the questions involved in supporting struggling churches or itinerant preachers, as many people imagine; they are questions involving the life of the immigrant who finds a new home in a promised land; involving the great growth of cities, swamping the forces of religion with a moving, restless population; involving the lives of millions of Negroes in their movement toward new racial standards; involving the problems of the farmer and his wife, the woman earning her own livelihood, the child at the loom. Such questions as these have been presented in charts, diagrams, and posters. A great deal of material has been gathered together. The Rev. Charles Stelzle, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, is Executive Secretary of this Home Mission Week movement. He will be glad to furnish information on request to those who have not already been acquainted with the plan. There is not a church in the land that cannot in some way help to contribute to the solving of these great problems of our country. It is certain that if any task calls for the strength which religious faith supplies, it is this task of making this country a land of free, happy people.

A Change in the "Independent"

Our contemporary the "Independent" makes the following announcement, which has a special interest in these days of rapid change: "During the sixty-four years of its history 'The Independent' has been under the responsible control of two men as its proprietors, Henry C. Bowen and Clarence W. Bowen, his son. For its future direction and success his grandson, Hamilton Holt, will be responsible." Mr. Holt, who has been for many years the managing editor of the "Independent," has acquired Mr. Clarence Bowen's interest in the paper and becomes president of a corporation which has been formed to publish the paper. Dr. William Hayes Ward, who has been connected editorially with the "Independent" for forty-five years, remains the chief editor. The "Independent" has had a long and honorable career, and many distinguished names have been connected with its administration for nearly half a century. We offer to Mr. Holt and his associates, who are well equipped by training and experience for their work, our best wishes for the new journalistic era upon which they are entering. Intelligent and independent journalism was never more needed in the United States than it is to-day.



Craft Work and Convict Labor

Each year Congress is petitioned to pass a bill for "the protection of labor and industries from the competition of convict labor." Manufacturers throughout the country declare such competition "unfair and ruinous, demoralizing to all markets and business stability, convict-made goods being sold for less than the cost to us of manufacture." The Bureau of Labor has investigated 296 penal institutions with an average of 86,000 inmates. Of these 86,000, 10,000 were kept in absolute idleness; 21,400 were engaged in prison work—washing, cooking, cleaning; and about 3,000 were on the sick list. The remaining 51,000 were employed in some industry, the majority being "contracted out" to unscrupulous "bosses" who paid the prison authorities for their labor far less than that demanded of manufacturers by free labor. "To pay rent for a building and from one to two dollars per day for labor, in competition with free buildings and from twenty-five to fifty cents per day for convict labor, is ridiculous," writes a New York manufacturer. Were the sole end of

imprisonment punishment, it would be well to forbid all work in penitentiaries, since prisoners dread nothing so much as being confined in absolute idleness. But modern science teaches that crime is a moral disease, the germs of which feed on idleness, and that the best reformatory results are obtained where convicts are given work that requires both mental and physical exertion—above all, tasks in which they become interested. According to this report of the Bureau of Labor, "prisoners have neither the incentive of gain nor love of the work. The best that can be said is that they prefer any kind of occupation to being confined in their cells." If penal industries are a continual menace to free labor and contribute little toward the moral improvement of convicts, might it not be advisable to introduce the handicrafts in these institutions? This would end all competition with mill or factory labor, as hand-made goods can no longer compete with those manufactured by machinery. It would also benefit the prisoners by providing them with interesting work, which would exert a moral influence utterly lacking in their present occupations. The initial cost of such an innovation must necessarily militate against it, especially in those States in which labor is so profitable as to render convicts self-supporting. But it must be remembered that current expenses are only a part of the public burden; the initial cost of erecting penal buildings must be considered, as well as the apprehending and convicting of prisoners, the large proportion of whom have already "served their term," which shows that prisons, under existing conditions, are not conducive to moral regeneration. Indeed, many are moral pest-houses where contagion is rife. Especially is this true of jails. It being unlawful to compel unconvicted persons to labor, the State provides for them no work of any kind, and innocent persons are often detained many months in absolute idleness before the courts pronounce them guiltless. Could they employ this enforced leisure in learning one of the character-building crafts, they might later bless their unmerited confinement, instead of serving, as many do, a sentence for crime whose inception can be traced to the evil influences of the jail. Wherever handicrafts have been tried, results justify the assertion that ten years after their introduction into penal institutions statistics would show a great falling off in the number of convicts and a material decrease in expenditures, as

very few would return for a second, third, and fourth term, as is now so often done; fewer guards would be required, since the moral sense develops with such occupation, providing a greater safeguard to the community than all the punishments that man has devised. Many would be taken off the sick list, the curative power of craft work being now acknowledged by all physicians; gradually the efficiency of prison labor would increase, so that in the end the community would be taxed less instead of more for the support of these unfortunate brethren. One of the strongest arguments in favor of handicrafts is that so many manufacturers have been forced out of industries in which convicts are employed that *learning a prison trade no longer insures employment after release.*

International Ethical Movements

Bishop Brent, of the Philippines, is a religious leader who is also a statesman, and his recent Convocation Address has the breadth which is characteristic of a man who has the heroic and prophetic qualities of the missionary, not only abroad, but at home. Referring to the International Opium Conference held at The Hague at the beginning of the present year, and in which he bore a very influential part, Bishop Brent enumerates a group of international movements dealing with moral evils which are beyond the power of any single nation to combat, among them the African slave trade, the liquor traffic in Africa, and the opium trade. In dealing with these questions international action is no longer an expediency, but a necessity. For the unity of human life has ceased to be an academic idea and become a fact to be reckoned with for purposes of self-preservation as well as for other and nobler reasons, such as the protection and benefit of the weaker and less privileged. We are reaching the stage of national and racial intimacy when the problem or the opportunity of one people will be recognized, without dispute, to be the problem or the opportunity of all. The course of progress has been consistent—individuals grouping into families, families into clans, clans into nations, nations into federations, and now we are moving towards a more inclusive combination. The International Opium Conference was not artificial or forced; it came as a natural climax of a movement which originated as an effort on the part of the Chinese to rid themselves of

a vice with which they were saddled. The committee appointed by President Taft nine years ago, when he was Governor of the Philippine Islands, to investigate the methods of opium control in countries of the East for the purpose of forming legislation for the Philippines, visited Japan, Formosa, China, the Straits Settlements, Burma, and Java. Their report was translated into Chinese, and was a factor in calling forth the Imperial edict of 1906 prohibiting opium-smoking in the Chinese Empire. In the same year Lord Morley declared in the House of Commons that the Indo-Chinese opium trade was "morally indefensible." The success of this movement led to the calling by President Roosevelt of the International Conference which met at Shanghai in January three years ago, and at which thirteen nations were represented.

From Moral to Religious Unity

From these evidences of moral unity Bishop Brent declares that it is but a step to the world movement in aid of religion, and reports the progress of the preparations for the World Conference on Faith and Order. He purposely avoids the phrase "reunion of Christendom" because that suggests recalling something lost, the bringing back of a treasure from the storehouse of the past. "The unity that is to be must come from above," he says. "It must be far superior to that which once was, if it is to endure." In the past men planned and won a definite unity, and their theory of unity was expressed in the organization of the church and of the empire. It was a unity which was successful in its adaptation to the times which gave it being. But the world has outgrown the phase of progress which it represented. It was too blind to diversity, too insistent upon uniformity, with a maximum of regard for the form and a minimum for the contents, and it grew to be scheming and tyrannical and corrupt. The Reformation stands, declared the Bishop, among other things, "for the salutary breaking of the existing Christian or ecclesiastical unity so far as its visible form was concerned." And Bishop Brent has a word to say which might profitably be read by those persons of his own communion who habitually deprecate the Reformation as violent and reactionary. "In a world of men no other course would have sufficed, conditions being what they were. Sometimes the standard of revolution is the only possible standard of

reform. In speaking as I do, I do not hold a brief for the individual excesses which followed in the train of the Reformation, but I would remark that only a world of gods or demigods could have done better." The unity which is now to be worked for must be manifested through holiness, catholicity, and apostolicity. Catholicity means the reaching out for every social group in a nation. Abstractly it is true that the Church's message rises above every distinction of class and conditions, but, Bishop Brent declares, the "defect of our own communion is that it is on too intimate, and possibly dependent, terms with respectability, though, as I believe, decreasingly so." The unity that is to be, Bishop Brent says, will be according to "God's now hidden will rather than to man's known idea. Many an advocate of unity expects the whole Christian world to come around to his way of thinking. That will not be the case. No human mind, no fragment of the Church, is big enough to hold in its integrity God's conception of unity." These are the words of a man of vision, who first launched the idea of a Conference on Faith and Order in his own communion, preached it from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey, and then persuaded the General Convention of that communion in the United States to give practical effect to his vision.

Women in Municipal Affairs

Women are taking a larger part in actual governmental affairs in Great Britain and Ireland than the average American appreciates. Under the various local government qualification of women acts they participate to a very considerable extent in local affairs. According to figures gathered by the "National Municipal Review," there are now in England and Wales three women serving on county councils, seventeen on town councils (two of whom are mayors of their cities), eight on urban district councils, one hundred and forty-five on rural district councils, and eleven hundred and seventy-five women who have been directly elected or "co-opted" as poor law guardians. In addition to the one hundred and forty-five women district councilors who act as guardians for the unions in which their districts lie, the number of parish councilors is considerable, although exact figures are lacking. In Scotland there are two women serving on town councils and seven on parish councils, while in Ireland there are three as town councilors, four as

urban district councilors, and forty-four as rural district councilors, together with sixty-six who have been directly elected or co-opted, making a total of one hundred and ten women guardians. Women have been utilized to a very considerable extent in putting into force and effect the recent National Insurance Act, a measure for national health insurance and for unemployment insurance. There are also, according to the "National Municipal Review," two offices of health visitors open to women—health visitors and sanitary inspectors. Most of the "health visiting" in London is done by women who are qualified as sanitary inspectors.

The Farmer's Credit and the Cost of Living

Every one is suffering from the increased cost of living. As it concerns foodstuffs, the cost may be reduced in two ways. First, reduce the cost of producing the crops. Second, increase the production. By their educational facilities both the Federal Government and the State Governments have done much towards increasing crop production. With regard to reducing the cost of production, however, we have not done as much as has been done in Europe. A principal item in that cost is the interest paid by the farmer on the money he borrows. For borrow he must. We do not realize that each year our farmers have to have a borrowed capital of over six billion dollars in order to add between eight and nine billions to our National wealth. Their interest charge amounts to more than five hundred millions. Including commissions and renewal charges, the interest rate paid by the farmers averages no less than $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This is certainly high compared with the rates paid by our manufacturers and merchants. And yet the security to the lender offered by the farmer in his farm lands would seem to be as sound as that offered by our industrial corporations. The rate of $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent seems doubly striking compared with the $3\frac{1}{2}$ and $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent paid by French and German farmers. Their lower rates are due to a system of popular agricultural banks, most of which are based upon the principle of co-operation among farmers, the united guarantees of the members of the banking association relieving any anxiety on the lender's part as to repayment of the money borrowed. This system was first put into operation in the Rhineland by the late Friedrich Raffeisen, Mayor of one of

the towns on the Rhine. Among others, President Taft has become convinced that the Raffaisen plan could be adapted to our conditions. As the establishment and conduct of such banks would be matters of control by the several States, Mr. Taft has commended the idea to the Governors of the States, and has invited them to discuss it with him in December at the White House at Washington, following the annual Conference of Governors, which occurs this year at the neighboring city of Richmond.



Land Mortgages But the organization of these societies, formed to obtain personal credit, does not cover the entire field of agricultural co-operative credit. The rest is represented by what are known in Germany as *Landschaften*; that is, corporations formed to create a sound security in mortgages for the purpose of gaining a national market for bonds based upon farm land mortgages. In France this is done through the famous banking institution known as the *Crédit Foncier*. President Taft says:

The chief advantage brought to farmers through such institutions are lower interest rates and easy amortization, whereby the borrowing farmer may repay his loan bit by bit, extending these payments over a long number of years. Thus his obligations are made proportionate to his annual receipts from the exploitation of his soil, and the danger of foreclosure is vastly reduced. To appreciate what this amortization plan would mean to the farmers of this country it is only necessary to consider the foreclosure records of some of our States.

As applied to America, uniform State legislation would be desirable to govern their organization and operation if a National success is to be secured. Hence another reason for the forthcoming White House conference. Mr. Taft also suggests that, "as a later step, it might prove advisable to urge the enactment by Congress of laws permitting the creation of National land mortgage bonds." While his other two recommendations will probably meet with deservedly favorable recognition, this last suggestion is likely to encounter the opposition immediately expressed by the New York "Times":

It is disheartening to find President Taft's reasonable and reasoned suggestion regarding agricultural banks turned into an unreasonable proposal that the National banks should assume that function. Those capable of advancing that idea have not grasped the rudiments of banking. There is a reason why National banks were not given the power which it is now

proposed to confer upon them. The unlawful exercise of that power to a considerable extent explains the portentous fact that none of the several recent panics has caused any proportionate decrease in banking liabilities in the manner of earlier panics.



THE DEMOCRATIC VICTORY

I

WHAT DOES IT PROMISE TO THE COUNTRY?

The people have given the Democratic party a power of attorney to act for them in the National Government and in forty States for the next two years, probably for the next four years. What have the people a right to expect of their agent?

The people have a right to expect that the Democratic party will proceed to put in operation, honestly and courageously, the policies embodied in its platform as interpreted by its leaders in the campaign. The Outlook does not believe in those policies. But they should have a fair trial. If the result proves to be disadvantageous to the country, that will be a reason for changing them four years from now; but it will be no reason for criticising the men who, in obedience to the will of the people, put those principles in operation.

The people have a right to expect that the Democratic party will, as soon as the administration is organized, proceed with a radical reduction of the tariff; that in this reduction the ultimate purpose will be to get rid of all attempt to protect and promote American industry by taxation, and to make a tariff the sole object of which will be to get the largest practicable revenue for the Government with the least possible expense and friction in its collection. The people also have a right to expect that the party will proceed with this radical change cautiously and with an endeavor to produce as little disturbance in the business world as possible. We do not believe that such a radical change in the tariff can be honestly undertaken without producing a serious disturbance in the business world, but we shall be very glad if the event proves that we are mistaken.

In this revision the Democratic party has a perfect right to proceed schedule by schedule in order to prevent bargaining, and to avail itself of a non-partisan expert commission in order to obtain trustworthy information. We wish that it would do so. But we have no right to expect that it will do so. It

has made no promise to that effect, and its representatives have in their speeches condemned that method of procedure.

The people have a right to expect that the Democratic party will put in operation the processes of the law to break up monopolies wherever they exist, and to punish those who have created such monopolies wherever in so doing they have violated the law. This is the method which the Democratic party has proposed to the people for destroying monopoly, and the people have adopted the method. The Outlook does not believe that it will prove effective. But the people have a right to demand that it have a fair trial.

It is not uncommon in either English or American politics for a party, when given power, to employ methods which it criticised its opponents for employing. It is therefore conceivable that the Democratic party may decide to employ a bureau or commission to supervise the great corporations and so enable the Government to prevent the formation of monopoly; but there is no reason to anticipate this policy, which Democratic leaders have in public speeches condemned.

The people have a right to expect that the Democratic party will enact a Federal Workman's Compensation Act, and may reasonably hope that it will enact similar laws in the States which it controls, though a Federal platform cannot in strictness bind the party to State action; the people may further expect that the Democratic party will approve the rules respecting injunctions adopted by the United States Supreme Court, as reported on another page, and incorporate the substance of those rules in legislation; and the people have a right to expect that the Democratic party will prevent the abridgment of the right of laborers to organize for their protection if any one should attempt to abridge that right. But the people have no right to demand of the party such legislation for the promotion of social justice as prohibition of child labor, minimum wage and maximum hours for workingwomen, legislation for prevention of industrial accidents, and the like. There is no reason why the Democratic party, wherever it has the political power and the Constitutional right to act, should not borrow these policies from the Progressive platform and enact them into law; but the people have no right to demand that it do so, or condemn it for not doing so. For the party which promised to do these things they refused to intrust with

power, and they gave power to the party which was silent respecting such legislation for the protection of wage-earners.

The people have no right to expect of the party any action tending to lessen the power of the bosses or to increase the power of the people—except in so far as the election of United States Senators by the people and preferential Presidential primaries may have some such effect. The Democratic platform is absolutely silent on this subject. So far as The Outlook knows, the Democratic speakers in the campaign were equally silent. The Democratic victory has strengthened the power of Murphy in New York State, of Sullivan in Illinois, of Taggart in Indiana—in short, of the boss in every State and probably in every district in the United States. The people by their vote have said either that they do not seriously object to boss rule, or that they disapprove the methods which the Progressive party proposed for getting rid of boss rule, or that they choose to postpone that issue till they have tried the Democratic method of dealing with the tariff and the trusts.

But the public expect and have a right to expect from the President-elect as much independence of boss rule as is possible to one who is the head of a party which is not and does not profess to be independent of it. They expect this independence of their President-elect, not from anything he has said, but from what he has done. Actions speak louder than words. And Governor Wilson's battle with a boss in New Jersey gives the people a right to expect that he will carry his battle with the bosses in the National Government as far as it can be carried without threatening his party with disruption.

The political issues of the future will be between a conservative and a liberal party—both democratic. The conservative party believes in a community of self-governing individuals; the liberal party, in a self-governing community. The conservative party believes in a government of limited powers, confining itself to the protection of individual rights of person and property, because it does not believe that the people are wise enough and strong enough to carry on a free government of comprehensive powers. The liberal party believes in a government of large powers, because it believes that the people are wise enough and strong enough to unite for the common welfare in a co-oper-

ative commonwealth. The people in this election, by a plurality—not a majority—have intrusted the government to the hands of the conservative party. They could not have found a better leader than Woodrow Wilson to represent them in the endeavor—though we do not believe that it can possibly succeed—to solve modern social problems by the methods of an individualistic democracy. Meanwhile it is permitted to hope that men of all parties, Prohibition, Socialistic, Republican, Progressive, Democratic, will spare no reasonable endeavor to secure both from Congress and from the State Legislatures legislation to promote social justice for men, women, and children of America who are dependent on their day's work for their daily bread, and to dissolve the unholy alliance between corrupt politicians and corrupt business.

II

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO THE PROGRESSIVES?

There has been a perfectly natural growth and building up from the Progressive idea to the Progressive movement, and from the Progressive movement to the Progressive party. All three, in our judgment, are now permanently fixed factors in American political and social advancement, but, in any event, the Progressive idea has already had a victory in the impress it has made on the attitude and purpose of its opponents. When Governor Wilson, after his indorsement by the voters, expressed his hope that the thoughtful progressive forces of the country may unite, he did not use the word progressive in a party sense, but it is perfectly true that it was the birth of a Progressive party and a campaign by that party for social and industrial justice that drove the unprogressive section of the Democratic party to the rear and made possible the choice of a leader whose personal bent is toward the progressive idea, whatever may be said of the programme of his party's platform.

What the Progressive party has brought about, concretely as well as ideally, is remarkable. A great National party is not established in a day; the difficulties of organization in forty-eight States and innumerable counties and towns are formidable; the inertia of the average voter, and particularly of the Southern voter, is in a first campaign a serious obstacle. Yet at a bound the new party has taken second place, has distanced

one of the old parties in the number of votes cast in the Electoral College, has polled more than four millions of votes in the popular election, and in hundreds of towns and local districts has put its candidates into office, and has established foundations upon which to build in the future. In more than four-fifths of the States it took either first or second place in the balloting of the three great parties. Progressive clubs and leagues will, we feel sure, everywhere make possible for the next four years full discussion of social needs and the right way to fight bossism and graft. Before the election the call had already gone out for a meeting in December to perfect and carry on the Progressive organization. Party, movement, and idea—all are for the future as well as for the present.

The Progressive campaign just ended has been one of education, and Progressive history in the near future will be that of more education. The proportion of men and women of trained intelligence in regard to human betterment who have become drilled officers, so to speak, in the Progressive army is large; the growth of the forces within three months is amazing; the prospect of new enlistment of convinced volunteers is limitless. In the reception of new political ideas the average man is slow of perception and cautious in movement, and the transition from excessive individualism to community of purpose takes time. But all who watched the recent campaign closely know that the movement for advance aroused interest among many thousands who never before went to political meetings, men and women who care nothing for "politics" but do care for clean streets in their village, clean business all over the country, clean and unbossed government locally and Nationally.

The Progressive "Contract with the People" was not an excited harangue nor a vague declaration; it was definite, specific, a pledge to remedy, by means plainly named, evils sorely felt. If other remedies are now applied and the evils disappear, well and good; if not, that contract will be ratified by the people.

The Progressive idea three months ago had become crystallized by strength of feeling. Those who held it were outraged by the "steam-rolling" methods at Chicago by which the majority of voters who had expressed a preference as to Presidential candidates were boldly robbed of their rights—a proceeding, we venture to say, never again

to be repeated in American political history. To what party, to what school of belief, should they turn? Not to outworn individualism, nor to impracticable Socialism. There was no party to which they could turn. So they created a new party inspired by the faith that the cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy, and that a government subject to the control of the people can be trusted with power sufficient to do the will of the people.

The four million men and women who voted for the Progressive party have a right to expect that the party organization which summoned them to the polls will continue for the purpose of interpreting the Progressive idea and developing the Progressive movement, in preparation for appeals to the people in the States and in the Nation whenever the occasion demands.



NOT A CASE FOR THE HAGUE

A correspondent of the Springfield "Republican" writes satirically apropos of the Balkan war:

I have a faint recollection of having, at some time or other, heard or read of a place called The Hague. Does such a place really exist on the map of Europe, or has some cataclysm wiped it out of existence? It is connected, in some fashion or other, with peace congresses and with a permanent court of arbitration; at least, in my mind.

The Balkan war has illustrated and demonstrated the proposition, for which all conservative advocates of the Hague Tribunal have always contended, that there are international questions which cannot be submitted to arbitration. The Greeks, Montenegrins, Servians, and Bulgarians had no right to submit to arbitration the question whether they should be freed from the danger of the unspeakable Turk. It was their duty to free themselves from that danger just as soon as they had the power to do so. The right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is a right which no community may honorably and justly surrender at the bidding of any court, provided the community has the power to protect that right or its members.

"If it be possible, as far as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." It was not possible for the people of the Balkan States to live peaceably with the Turks as their close neighbors. The message of Christ to them was, "I came not to send peace, but a sword."

BOOKS ON OURSELVES

The American who does not recognize himself when he reads the daily newspapers has a chance really to discover what manner of man he is by aid of a very considerable number of books of interpretation written by men who know America and the Americans, not from the standpoint of the morning and evening newspaper, not from the journalistic standpoint, but in perspective. Some of the things reported in the daily newspapers are true; but they are exaggerated by reason of the momentary prominence which they assume, and, instead of being spoken with proper emphasis, they are screamed through a megaphone. On the wide surface of human life as it is lived in America there is an immense amount of flotsam and jetsam, of eccentricities, oddities, and extravagances of all sorts and kinds. In other countries these matters are distributed over a great surface of local journalism, so to speak. In this country they are collected by the leading newspapers and put on the front page, so that the crimes, misdemeanors, accidents, and scandals of all the little villages from the Atlantic to the Pacific are spread out at great length in the "great dailies," which are indefatigable in seeking sensations.

The American has gone a long way since the publication of de Tocqueville's first standard work on America. The books that followed, like Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans" and Dickens's "American Notes," contained a good many facts, but not very much truth. They were too hasty; they were written without knowledge, and presented the facts without background. Mr. James Bryce's great work struck another note, and was an ideal piece of national interpretation, for which Americans will never cease to be grateful. During the past five years there has been a notable addition to the books which enable the American to understand himself. Mr. Brooks made a very interesting collection of foreign opinions in his volume "As Others See Us." Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, in three extremely intelligent and thoughtful addresses delivered before the University of Copenhagen, defined the American in large but not indefinite terms; Dr. van Dyke followed with a group of lectures delivered at the Sorbonne on "The Spirit of America."

This autumn three delightful volumes are

added to this small but valuable library. Mr. Bliss Perry teaches from a very important Chair of Literature in Harvard University; but he is not a man of New England temperament, either of knowledge or of sympathy. He knows America, and he has the breadth of mind, the interest in human life, and the humor which have enabled him to enter into and to understand the American point of view and to sympathize with the American endeavor. His discussion of "The American Mind," "American Idealism," "Humor and Satire," and the "Individualism and Fellowship" of the American are luminous and humorous. They are the work of a man who is thoroughly at home in his own country, and who, although of academic training, tastes, and occupation, knows not only literature but life, and is quick to discern the possibilities of art when they are still more or less matters of promise in character and temperament. It is impossible to summarize the conclusions of a book at once so logical and so discursive as Mr. Perry's "The American Mind." Every page, however, gives one the impression that it was written by an American and not by a foreign discoverer, or by a native who looks at his own country from the foreign point of view. The absence of "tall talk," of the flamboyant note, and the presence of clear-cut sanity, precision of statement, and delightful humor give this book value far greater than that of many large volumes loaded with statistics.

Mr. Meredith Nicholson's path to reputation started from "The House with a Thousand Candles" and has been ascending ever since. His "A Hoosier Chronicle" was not only an interesting story, but an American document of high value. No one could read it without getting a sense of the neighborliness and informal helpfulness which are characteristic of the best American communities, and which express in near, intimate, and familiar ways Emerson's definition of America as "opportunity." "The Provincial American" of his new book is a person of simple background who has been kept in wholesome relations with realities through his whole childhood, and who grows up to be a man with an increasing consciousness not only of the pleasant things about his own home, but of his larger relation to the Nation, and of the fact that a man's home is not only the house he lives

in, but the country in which he is a citizen. His description of General Lew Wallace—"our Hoosier Arab, our story-teller of the bazaars"—is a happy portrait of a typical American who was not a great writer, but who had a genius for telling stories to which people listened, and who was a resourceful, contagiously enthusiastic, and high-spirited and friendly personality. His account of Edward Eggleston is a chapter in American biography which throws more light on the American spirit than many pages of formal history; while "The Tired Business Man" is a protest against the excessive demands of affairs in this country, and an effective putting of the loss which a great many Americans sustain by impoverishing their lives for the sake of enriching their business.

Miss Repplier has the mind of an essayist; the habit of meditation, the grace of humor; the ability to say serious things easily and pleasantly. Her latest volume, "Americans and Others," contains two or three essays which are direct contributions to the American's knowledge of himself; and her whole volume might be filed as an exhibit of some of the best American intellectual qualities. She does not accept without qualification the current impression that Americans are entirely lacking in politeness. She is of the opinion that Americans are much too easily amused, and she supports her contention by referring to the current jokes which are provided for the entertainment of the country day by day, and to the comic supplements of the Sunday newspaper, which are "for the refreshment of the feeble-minded and calculated to blight the spirits of any ordinary intelligent household." She refers also to what might be called the standard joke forms—allusions to Philadelphia, Brooklyn, to Boston and Chicago, and also to the familiar jokes which have come down to us almost from colonial days, especially the connection of Washington and the hatchet. And she calls attention to the fact that the English do not joke about political corruption. It is to be hoped that the time is at hand when Americans will cease to joke on this subject.

The restlessness of the day in this country, of which many explanations are offered to a deeply interested Nation, is interpreted in terms of hope and progress in Professor Ross's "Changing America" and in "The New Democracy."

THE BALKAN WAR'S GREATEST BATTLE

WHO ever heard of Lule-Burgas? It might be the name of a person or a place or a thing. It is the name of a place, and the place is in Turkey, about fifty miles away from Constantinople, the capital. Lule-Burgas is a little town on the line of the railway running northwest through the Balkan Mountains to Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, to Belgrade, the capital of Serbia, and to Budapest, the capital of Hungary.

Unknown two weeks ago, Lule-Burgas has suddenly leaped into fame. For at Lule-Burgas a great battle has been fought. And not only a great battle in point of the numbers engaged on both sides; a great battle also in deciding the fortunes of a country—the Balkan peninsula.

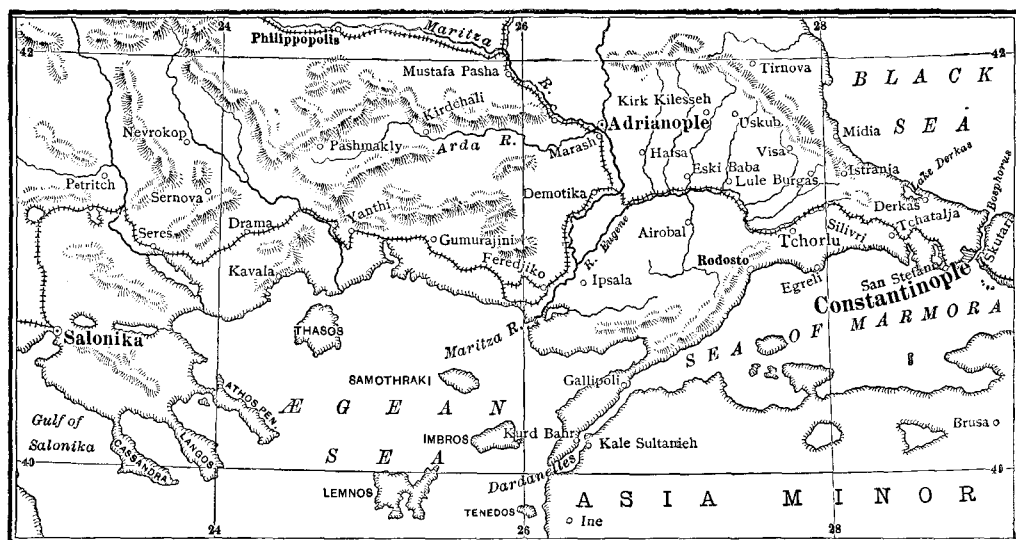
As it always has had, so that peninsula still has Constantinople as its main city. For four centuries and a half Constantinople has been Turkish and Mohammedan. For most of this time the peninsula has been ruled by the Turks. But there is a mountainous region in the northwest called Montenegro (Black Mountain), which the Turk never could conquer. And there is a better-known region in the southeast—Greece, forming a peninsula by itself as an offshoot to the greater peninsula—which could not long endure the Turk as ruler, and nearly a hundred years ago obtained its complete independence. These examples were ever before the Christians in the northern part of the peninsula, the Bulgars and the Serbs. They can never forget that once they had empires of their own. But the Turk made an end of them at the battle of Kossovo in 1389. So the Turk was master of the Balkan peninsula for many years before he finally captured Constantinople in 1453.

The Bulgars and the Serbs are now free again—that is, those of them are who inhabit the kingdoms of Bulgaria and Serbia, and, as such, are known as Bulgarians and Servians. But the race of Bulgars and the race of Serbs are not confined to those countries. Very many dwell in the Turkish provinces to the south. They are, of course, Christians. Indeed, in Turkey-in-Europe there are more Christians than Mohammedans. The Christians have been oppressed by the Mohammedans. They have always been oppressed. The men have been forced to pay unjust taxes, the women have been outraged or

carried off to Turkish harems, the children have been kidnapped. And there have been wholesale massacres. Is it any wonder that the Bulgars and Serbs in Bulgaria and Serbia have wanted to deliver the Bulgars and Serbs on the other side of their southern borders in Macedonia from such cruelty and compel the establishment of a decent government, or, failing that, to recapture a country once theirs and govern it? Is it any wonder that the Montenegrins had a similar desire as they looked across their southern boundary and saw how the Christian Albanians were being treated; or that the Greeks, as they looked north into Epirus, once theirs, and east into Macedonia, longed to help the hundreds of thousands of Greeks there?

So Bulgaria, Serbia, Montenegro, and Greece decided to act in common, for what no one could do singly, all could do together. They waited until they thought Turkey was weaker than ever and they stronger than ever. Then, a month ago, Montenegro declared war and the others followed.

The Turkish army was caught unprepared. The Turkish soldier, says Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, the war correspondent of the London "Daily Telegraph," "proved himself as brave as ever" in his "stubborn determination and unparalleled hardness." But the Turkish officials were "eaten up with pride and self-confidence, and, regarding all the Balkan States with the utmost contempt, believed the Turkish army to be invincible." Hence splendid human material was "sacrificed on the altar of stupidity, conceit, self-satisfaction, and the grossest ineptitude. . . . As long as I remained at Constantinople and was unable to see with my own eyes the true state of affairs, I was, perforce, obliged to accept the Turkish tales of their readiness for war, of their perfect organization, and of their immense superiority in numbers, until I came to share some of their confidence, judging by the deeds of the Turkish soldiers in the past that the Ottoman army must prove itself victorious in the end, even though it suffered some reverses at the commencement of the campaign. But from the very moment I arrived among the troops the great bubble burst and my great illusion was shattered. I found that the military authorities in Constantinople had deliberately deceived the outside world and had embarked on a gigantic system of frigid and



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calculated lying to keep the truth from coming out, hoping against hope that the bravery and determination of the Turkish soldier would pull them through at the eleventh hour."

But, even so, the struggle has been terrific. The decisive battle occurred last week at Lule-Burgas. Indeed, it began the week before. The war had not proceeded far enough for the four allies to join forces, so the Bulgarians fought alone against the Turks.

The Bulgarians won. Mr. Ward Price, war correspondent of the London "Daily Mail," who was with the Turkish army, tells about the Turkish front, stretching away for thirty miles "in an almost continuous battle line." But, before the struggle was over, the Bulgarians had routed two hundred thousand of those Turks. In the five days' fighting the Bulgarians captured, according to their own account, thirty-seven batteries of quick-firing guns, seized a number of locomotives and two hundred and fifty cars, and took several thousand prisoners.

As to the infantry, a chief feature, according to Lieutenant Wagener, war correspondent of the Vienna "Reichspost," was "the heroic assaults of the Bulgarians on the Turkish center. During the second day's fighting the Bulgarian infantry advancing at the charge were thrice hurled back. Yet, undismayed and unshaken by the appalling fire of the enemy, the Bulgarians started a charge for the fourth time, and finally captured the heights of Kavak Dere after a terrible fight at close quarters."

As to the artillery, a striking feature, according to Mr. Bartlett, was the superior handling by the Bulgarians of their cannon. As to the cannon itself, the Creusot gun, handled by the Bulgarians, "proved its immense superiority" over the German Krupp cannon, handled by the Turks. "But how far this was due to the weapon and how far to superior handling it is premature to say."

As to organization, "not a line of telegraph or telephone had been brought to the front," says the "Daily Telegraph" correspondent, "not a single wireless installation, although the Turkish army on paper possesses twelve complete outfits for its army corps; not an effort had been made to establish a line of messengers to connect the headquarters with the various army corps. Thus throughout the entire day Abdullah [the Turkish commander] remained without any information, except that which he obtained hours too late by despatching staff officers to his corps commanders.

"No one can blame Abdullah for the great tragedy," declares Mr. Bartlett, very emphatically. "It was not his fault. He was a victim of the vicious system of bluff, make-believe, and self-deception which has brought a crushing disaster on Turkey. Never have I seen a more pathetic spectacle than that of the commander-in-chief of more than one hundred thousand men as helpless as a blind man."

"I am convinced," concludes Mr. Bartlett, "that the Turk has been defeated more by

sheer starvation than by any other single factor." To this Mr. Martin Donahoe, war correspondent of the London "Daily Chronicle," adds: "On the way from Tchorlu I came across the half-devoured bodies of many horses."

Throughout the brief campaign, says Mr. Martin Donahoe, the Bulgarians have shown "astonishing celerity" in pursuit. "Their advance guard has never been far from the rear of the retreating army." Concerning the battle of Lule-Burgas in particular he adds that there was "no respite for the harried remnant of the Turkish army. 'Onward, ever onward!' cry its pursuers. The Bulgarian cannon thunders, insatiable death takes its toll hourly of the battle-tattered wreck of what once were soldiers, all of whose feeble energies are now devoted to fleeing for their very lives over the wide Thracian plain, up the steep and rocky slopes of Tchorlu to its wide plateau, and down the other side and across the stony valley which leads toward Tchataldja. The broken army is crawling. It can no longer run. Days and nights of awful suffering have reduced its gait to a mere totter."

Mr. Bartlett tells of "the paths blocked with fugitives of the three beaten army corps. Behind us we could hear—from the sound of guns bursting, of shells ever nearer our rear, and the incessant rattle of musketry—that a desperate rear-guard action was taking place, and the sound nerved us on to fresh exertions. . . . The scenes on the road baffle description. They recalled to mind a picture I had seen somewhere of the flight of the French army after Waterloo, or one of Napoleon's retreat from Russia. . . . On the high ground half-way to Tchorlu we had a good view of the countryside, which presented a most extraordinary sight. Along every road horses, men, guns, and ox wagons were pressing forward, all converging on to two roads which lead into Tchorlu. There must have been forty-five thousand stragglers scattered over the plain. . . . For three days all these men had been without a morsel of food, and many for an even longer period. Only soldiers possessing the wonderful constitutions of the Turks could have stood the strain."

To this Mr. Donahoe adds: "The state of the Turkish army in the last stage of its retreat was pitiable in the extreme. Hundreds of men, with the soles torn off their boots, walked with bleeding feet. The

Ottoman soldier, as I saw him during those awful five days of torture, suffering starvation and defeat, always faced death cheerfully and uncomplainingly. Days without food, he died complacently, as if death from starvation was part of his every-day duty. The allies have beaten the Turkish army, but have not conquered the Turkish soldier. Every soldier during the awful retreat was ten times a hero."

Out of a reported strength of two hundred thousand men, the Turkish loss in killed and wounded at this battle is reported at about forty thousand. Many were taken as prisoners.

A yet severer loss was in officers. As a result of Lule-Burgas the Turkish army is no less than two thousand short of its proper quota of officers. In consequence, says Mr. Bartlett, "whole battalions were left like sheep without a shepherd. If ever officers are most necessary it is when troops get out of hand, as they did in this retreat; but without officers it is impossible even to attempt to restore some semblance of order."

The greatest loss of all, however, to the Turkish army, says Mr. Bartlett, "is the utter destruction of the morale of the Turkish soldier from privation and want of food and lack of all confidence in his leaders. . . . If the routed army disbands and falls back on Constantinople, abandoning the lines at Tchataldja, the situation in the capital will be extremely serious, for it must be remembered that these thousands of undisciplined soldiers have been starving for weeks and are certain to start looting at once if they have an opportunity."

Lieutenant Wagener adds that "the Bulgarian pursuit of the defeated Turkish army and the movement to outflank them on their line of retreat to Constantinople have already progressed so far that a Sedan may be prophesied almost with certainty."

The battle of Lule-Burgas, says Mr. Bartlett, "is the greatest military disaster any nation has suffered since Sedan. It has utterly destroyed the Turks' power to take the offensive again in the present war."

We cannot be surprised, then, at the announcement made by Mr. Frederick Palmer, the New York "Times's" special correspondent, that "the bells of every church throughout Bulgaria summoned the people this morning to a mass of thanksgiving. This was largely attended and was practically the only celebration of the victory at Lule-Burgas."

DRIVEN FROM THE CITY

A BUSINESS MAN'S STORY OF PERSECUTION

BY RICHARD SPILLANE

I AM a manufacturer. In the busy season I employ 275 persons. Like every other manufacturer, I have my fair share of troubles. They are incidental to my business. But there are some troubles that all manufacturers are burdened with about which the public knows nothing. They are not peculiar to New York or Chicago, St. Louis or Cincinnati, Boston or Philadelphia, San Francisco or Los Angeles, or any other great center of population. But they put a heavy handicap upon us. These troubles are due to the inefficiency, the sloth, the carelessness, the injustice, and sometimes the graft of city administrations. Without prejudice, let me tell you a few of my experiences.

My factory is in one of the great cities on the Atlantic seaboard. It is near the water. I own the land and the buildings which I occupy. Some few years ago my neighbors and I were informed that the city was going to condemn a portion of our land in order to open up a thoroughfare to the water. It was only a short strip, about six hundred feet in length. I was a bit interested, because I knew that, as my property was adjacent, I would be likely to have an assessment for the improvement. The matter was taken up in due course by the authorities, and a commission of three was appointed to condemn the six hundred feet of land. The first time this commission met I attended the session. The three gentlemen were on hand promptly at the hour set. They took their seats, and one of them, acting as spokesman, said:

"The first business before this commission is to elect a chairman, and the second to elect a secretary."

They proceeded to do so. Then the secretary read the order creating the commission and some other papers pertaining to it, after which the chairman announced that the next thing before the commission would be to examine the map of the property that was to be condemned. The map was not ready, and he instructed the secretary to have it prepared in time for the next meeting. The chairman then looked at his fellow-members and remarked that, as there seemed to be no other business before the commission, he

would entertain a motion for adjournment. The motion was made and carried and the commission adjourned to meet again two weeks later. The session had lasted fifteen minutes. For each session each commissioner received a fee of ten dollars.

I was present at the second meeting of the commission. The map was ready and was examined by the three gentlemen. After an informal talk the chairman said that it would be necessary for them to go in person and examine the property, and, if it was agreeable to all, they would do so two weeks later. They then adjourned. The session had lasted eight minutes.

I attended various other meetings of the commission, some of which lasted ten minutes, and some twenty or twenty-five. So little was done and so little progress was made that I grew weary and discouraged. I inquired of the Assistant Corporation Counsel, who was looking after the legal end of the commission's work, how much the assessment on my three hundred feet of property would be. He replied that he could not tell exactly, but, judging from past performances, it should be about \$1 a front foot, or \$300 in all. I remarked that, if that was the case, I would not bother about coming to any more meetings of the commission, as I was willing to pay \$300 for the improvement, and that I could spend my time to much better advantage in my factory than in attending the commission's meetings, which seemed likely to be protracted.

It was nearly two years later when that commission ended its labors. It took them all that time to condemn that six hundred feet of property. The fees of the three commissioners amounted to \$1,900. Most of the six hundred feet of land was owned by two estates, one of which got about \$23,000, and the other a little in excess of \$20,000. Presently I received notice that my three hundred feet of property was assessed \$5,900 for the improvement. I was astounded. I went to the Assistant Corporation Counsel and asked him if he recalled the conversation I had had with him in the early stages of the commission's work. He replied that he did remember perfectly, and I then asked him how he reconciled that \$5,900 assessment with his idea of

\$300. He replied that you never could tell what assessors would do, that I had no recourse. He remarked that I might as well be a good fellow and save myself a lot of bother by paying the assessment, or I would be penalized for sixty days after the assessment was entered on the books; interest at seven per cent would be charged.

I went to see my lawyer. I told him that the \$5,900 assessment was a rank injustice, and he agreed with me. He said that he did not know very much about that section of the law, and advised me to consult an attorney whom he named who made a specialty of it. I went immediately to see this attorney. He was a very dignified and pompous gentleman. I appreciated, of course, that as I had been sent to him by another lawyer the two would divide the retainer between them. So I told this gentleman at the start that I did not propose to pay for his opinion. If he wanted to take the case on the terms I would outline, I would be glad to engage him; that I would give him \$10 for listening to my story, but no more unless he was willing to take up the case. After I had related the circumstances, he asked me to come back in two weeks; but I protested at this delay, saying that the case was a simple one, and that I wanted action in less time than that; in fact, that I wanted to know whether I should pay the assessment or fight it. He said that he would communicate with me as soon as he could.

In two or three days he telephoned me to come to his office. He opened the interview by stating that he would require \$500 immediately as a retainer. I reminded him of what I had told him at our first interview. He appeared somewhat chagrined, and replied that there was only a fair chance that the assessment could be upset, and that the best he would do would be to charge me \$100 for his opinion, \$500 as a retainer, and 50 per cent of whatever reduction he was able to obtain in the assessment. I replied that I thought his terms were excessive, and that there were other property-owners in the neighborhood who were assessed as heavily as I, that he could get their business also, and that the best I would do would be to pay him \$100 down, \$150 if he got the case reopened, and 25 per cent of whatever reduction he secured in the assessment. He turned on me with great scorn and said that he was not accustomed to receiving instructions from persons who came to him with cases,

and that he would have nothing further to do with the matter.

I went back to my office and thought the thing over. I worried about it, more or less, for a week or so. Then I got a notice from a title company that held the mortgage on my factory property that the assessment of \$5,900 had been levied, that it had to be paid within sixty days, and that if I did not pay it they would be compelled to foreclose the mortgage. I went immediately to see the head of this title company, whom I knew, and explained the situation to him. I told him that I intended to attack the assessment in court, and pointed out the injustice that not only I, but other manufacturers in the neighborhood, had been subjected to in the matter. A title company is a very cold proposition. The gentleman with whom I was talking said that my statements were very interesting, but that the title company would foreclose the mortgage if I did not pay the assessment or give them a bond of \$5,000. I replied that I could easily furnish such a bond, and would hand it to him the following day.

When I went to the bonding company's office, I found that they did not do business in that particular line, and that, in fact, none of the surety companies would furnish me with such a bond as I required. I could get bonds for honesty, against burglars, and lots of other things, but not against the outcome of a suit of the kind I was going to bring. Somewhat crestfallen, I reported my lack of success to the title company man. He replied that it would be satisfactory if I gave a bond backed up by a deposit of \$5,000 to the credit of his company. I went to my bank, explained the situation, and got a receipt for a deposit of \$5,000, which I took immediately to the title company. The man there glanced at it and handed it back to me, remarking that the \$5,000 must be deposited actually with the title company, and that they would allow me two per cent per annum interest while it was so on deposit. I answered that I was paying five per cent at the bank for the money, and I thought it was a pretty tough hold-up scheme. The title man answered calmly that I would either have to pay the assessment or deposit the \$5,000 with them, or that they would foreclose. So I put up the \$5,000.

I suppose most men would have let the thing end then and there, and would have paid the assessment, but I am somewhat of

a fighter. I went to another lawyer, a man of a good deal of prominence, who was holding a city office at the time. His term was about to expire, and he was going to resume his law practice, which had lapsed somewhat in his absence. I told him my story and made him the proposition that I would give him a retainer of \$100, \$150 when he got the case reopened, and 15 per cent of whatever reduction he secured in the assessment. He laughed at me. I left his office, and three or four days later he called me up on the telephone and asked me to see him. I did so. He said that he had been looking into the matter, and believed that there was a loophole by which he could upset the assessment. He wanted \$150 down, \$150 for reopening the case, and 25 per cent of all that he saved me. I stuck to my original proposition, which he finally accepted.

This lawyer succeeded in having the assessment set aside as excessive and unwarranted. That made it necessary for the whole matter to be taken up by the authorities. I was delighted. With the court order in my hand, I went to the title company and asked for the return of my \$5,000. It was refused. Some other assessment will be put on the property, they said, and meanwhile we will hold your \$5,000. And they held it.

But that assessment case was worth fighting about. When they dealt out the next assessments, mine was \$600. I paid my lawyer his 15 per cent, his \$100 retainer, and the \$150 additional, but I saved about \$4,000. Against that saving of \$4,000 I had to charge up months and months and months of worry and trouble.

Now, the persons who own that six hundred feet of property received, as I have said, more than \$40,000 from the city for the taking of their land for street purposes. But the city did not use the property in that way, after all. The city did not have money available at that time to open the street down to the water, and so the city rented that six-hundred-foot strip of land to one of the former owners for \$100 a year. The lessee put up a big fence right close to my factory and used that city street as a lumber-yard. The spring after that fence was put up we had some heavy rains. The sewers were not able to carry off the water, and the flood came down the street, backed up against that fence, and swept over into my factory. My place was flooded to a depth of fourteen inches. The loss and damage thereby were considerable. I brought

suit against the city and against the lessee. I got a judgment against the lessee of the city street for \$1,000. The cost of the suit was about as much as the judgment, for the case was in court a long time. But when the Supreme Court Justice before whom the case was tried heard all the facts, he leaned over his bench and, pointing directly at me, said:

"The proper thing for that man to do whose factory was damaged through this outrageous use of a public street is to get an ax and chop down that unlawful fence."

That was pretty strong language for a Supreme Court Justice to use, don't you think? I did not know whether to get an ax and destroy the fence or not. I happened to meet the Comptroller of the city, whom I knew casually. He was also in the manufacturing business, but in another section of the town. I told him about the suit that had just ended in my favor, and he said:

"It won't be necessary for you to get that ax. Here is another way out of it. That lessee is paying the city \$100 a year rental for that property. If you will offer me \$110 per year for that six hundred feet of street that the city cannot use at present, I will lease it to you as soon as the other fellow's contract is ended, which will be soon." I saw the point, executed the lease, and paid the rental as quickly as possible. There was an awful howl when the other folks found out what I had done. I made them fix their fence the way it should be so as to prevent floods, and then I sublet to them that portion of the street which the city had bought and paid for but could not use. I made them pay me, not only the \$110 a year that it cost me, but \$400 additional, which gave me a little money toward making up the loss that I had suffered.

I use a great deal of water in my plant. I buy this water from the city, and my bills run from \$3,500 to \$4,000 a year. I need a great deal more water than I am now getting. For a long time I have been trying to get more. I have put in application after application to the Water Department. I am told that they have no money available to lay a larger pipe down to my place which will give me sufficient for my needs, but that, if I will dig the trench, they will see if they cannot scrape together enough eight-inch pipe to run the line. They tell me that I ought to be able to get the trench dug for \$500. The lowest estimate that I can get from a con-

tractor is \$900. I don't know whether to pay this \$900 for the privilege of buying \$5,000 or \$6,000 worth of water a year from the city or not. It seems like a hard deal. At present I have to keep a man in my place at night looking after the pump that fills the reservoir so that I will have plenty of water in the morning. I have to keep pumping twenty-four hours in the day to get enough water for my use, and this pumping costs more than \$900 a year. Is it not ridiculous that a great city will not furnish facilities for a manufacturer to carry on his business?

You understand that I am only telling you a few of the things that embarrass me and embarrass every manufacturer. There is hardly a manufacturer that I know of—and I know hundreds—that has not as many reasons to complain as I have. Some of these things are so outrageous that they are almost unbelievable. For example:

I made arrangements some time ago with an electric light and power company to put in electric power in my plant. I had the equipment changed and everything was ready. I was expecting to switch from steam to electricity without any delay, but the power company informed me that the permit for stringing the wires to my plant was held up by the city department which has such things in charge. I waited a day or two, calling up the electric people every little while, but could not get any other answer. Finally I saw the head of the company, who made an investigation and told me that the stenographer in the branch office of the city department from which my permit was to come was away on her vacation, and that that was the reason alleged for the delay. I put on my hat and went over to that branch office. I found there four young men sitting with their feet on their desks reading the sporting pages of the daily papers. I told them what the electric power company had said to me, and asked if it was true. One of the men looked up and said that it was. I asked who was in charge, and another of the four answered that he was the chief clerk.

"Well, you seem to be a husky sort of individual," I said; "why can't you make out this permit?"

"That's not my business," he replied.

"Well," I replied, "tell me who is the responsible head of this department, so that I can go to him and find out why this permit is not issued."

He replied, gruffly, that I had better see the deputy commissioner, who was in charge of electric matters. After asking two more questions, I got the office address of this official and hurried over to see him.

I was kept waiting fifteen or twenty minutes, and then was taken in and introduced to a man who said he was in charge of the department of electrical matters. I told him that I was being held up on my electrical installation in my factory because his branch office would not issue a permit to the power company to string the wires; that I had been over there to find out what the trouble was, and had received the absurd explanation that the stenographer was away on her vacation, and that no permits could be given until she returned. The man swung around in his chair and looked me in the eye.

"Well, sir," he said, "absurd as you may consider it, that explanation is the plain truth. The fact is that the Budget Committee did not make any appropriation or allowance for a substitute for that stenographer while she was away on her vacation. Nothing can be done until she returns."

I was hot. I exclaimed that if this great city could not afford to pay for a substitute for that stenographer, I would be willing to help it out. I offered to get a stenographer immediately from any of the typewriting agencies, or to send one from my own office, and to bear all expense myself, so that the work of that branch of the department might be carried on until the girl got back from her vacation. The department official scoffed. Then I lost my temper. I rapped on his desk to emphasize what I had to say, and I fear that my remarks were punctuated with profanity. I said things about his department, about the four clerks in the branch office who had plenty of time to read sporting news but none to do the city's work, and about the position of the taxpayer who contributed large sums to the city government year after year and got such treatment from city employees as I had. He was red in the face when I finished, and so was I.

The next morning the electric people telephoned me and announced with triumph that the permit had been granted. I told them that it had been granted because I had gone after it myself. The electric people shouted with glee at my recital, and then told me that not alone my permit but forty-five others had come in that morning, all of them having

been held up on account of that one stenographer who was away on her vacation.

Before I moved into the plant I am now occupying I had a smaller factory about half a mile distant. I have been renting this old factory ever since to the same concern. The rental has been satisfactory, and I would have been content to keep the property if it had not been for the persistency with which I was pursued by grafting city employees. It is remarkable how many violations of the city ordinances an inspector can find if he has reasons of his own for discovering them. I made alterations in that old building until I was tired. I put in stairways and fire-escapes and cut doors and installed sprinklers until the place was hardly recognizable. Experts whom I employed to go over it announced it the safest factory of its kind in the entire city, and said that I had more than complied with every law and ordinance.

About two months ago an inspector came around, and a little later I got a notice that some more fire-escapes and another stairway were needed in the old building. I paid no attention to it, and got another. The next day the inspector came around to see me and mentioned that a violation had been put on my old factory. I told him that I had complied with every State and municipal law, and that I did not see the justice of this new demand. The inspector retorted that if I did not comply he would close up my factory. Then he smiled, and asked me why I did not have some sense and do as other people did. I asked him how much it would cost to have the violation taken off, and he replied that he thought he could fix it for \$20 or \$30. I told him that I would think it over.

My suit in court to have the violation set aside came up the next morning, but I had it postponed. About two weeks later the inspector came around again, and I told him that I had not yet made up my mind to pay him what he asked. He said that it would cost \$40 to have the violation removed now, and that the next day it would cost \$50, and that there would be an additional \$10 for every day I delayed. I put him off again, however, and he went away in an angry frame of mind. Some days later, when the case came up in court, my lawyer and I appeared and were ready to proceed. The inspector was there also. He whispered to me that he was going to see that the Judge "handed it to me." When the case was called, my lawyer arose and said:

"Your Honor, apparently there has been some mistake about this case. My client is not the owner of this property."

The Judge called the inspector and asked him about it. He laughed, and said that I had owned that property for years. The Judge turned to my lawyer, and the latter produced the documentary evidence to show that I had sold the property prior to the last violation being placed upon it. I then related to the Court my experience with the inspector, and the Judge advised me to make a formal complaint against him to the head of the Building Department. I did so, but nothing ever came of it, and he is still in the service of the city.

Cities, if they only would realize it, are a good deal like landlords. A good, sensible landlord uses every effort to attract, to please, and to keep his tenants. The manufacturers are the life-blood of a city. They are among its best-paying tenants. A bad, corrupt, or careless city drives them away. It is like the landlord who makes his house undesirable for his tenants. Small towns and cities, as a rule, have active, wide-awake, pushing boards of trade or chambers of commerce. In big cities there is no end to the number of civic organizations. A good many of them ostensibly are for the purpose of attracting new industries and seeing that their comfort is looked after once they are located. As a matter of fact, I do not know of a single such organization in my city that accomplishes anything worth while. They pay good salaries to a staff of clerks who do just enough to hold their jobs. But I never would think of taking any of my troubles to the Chamber of Commerce or to the Manufacturers' and Merchants' Association. I did once, and had about the same experience that I had when I went into that branch city department to find out about the electric wiring permit.

The small city, like the owner of a new house, is eager to get tenants and to keep them. The big city has so many tenants that it is careless. It is so great that it doesn't fear competition. It seems to think that its vacant spaces will be filled up anyhow, and that those who are established won't dare move. It's the little places that offer the best inducements.

I have found it futile to complain to the government of the big city where I have been in business and paid taxes for so many years. Its officials change rapidly. Before you can get any satisfaction of your grievance there is a new set and you have to begin all over

again. There is as much delay as there is in the courts.

I've grown tired of this state of things. So have other big manufacturers in my neighborhood. I have been talking with a number of them. We have sent experts to other places—small towns that seem to have good transportation facilities by land and water. We have been inviting propositions, and have a lot of them. Also we have been looking for a large tract of unimproved land that will meet our needs. If we find what

we want we'll all move in a body and build a new city—one of our own, that we'll run on a business basis. We'll attract still other manufactories. The State laws are ample for our protection and for the protection of our employees. We'll have just as few local ordinances as we can get along with. Then perhaps we'll be able to get along without the incessant trouble and annoyance that we have had to endure for so many years, and which we'll have to keep on enduring to the end of the chapter if we don't move.

COLON CAMPBELL'S MILL

BY G. W. OGDEN

SOME of us must make the black bread of life, and more of us must eat it. Old Colon Campbell, my father, had eaten the black bread many a year. But that is not the beginning. I shuffle my feet over this start like a poor wrestler. By and by I shall get my hold for a fall.

Mine was the heritage of bleak fields, rough hills, broken hedges, and buildings which leaned upon props like cripples upon their sticks, or stood shored upon false walls for every March gale to set them trembling in a palsy of racked joints. Still, I have not, rightly, come to that part yet.

Among our Campbells in Scotland there always had been a flockmaster and a miller. This had been the unvarying repetition for five hundred years. When Colon Campbell, my father, who was a mason by craft of hand, came to America, he tried to double the dignity of the family by becoming both a miller and a flockmaster in one.

But the man who holds his porridge in one hand, in the other his meat, may go hungry for want of a hand to feed himself. Colon Campbell had his hands full of enterprises, and none of them came to flower. He belonged rightly to the miller's branch of the family, and so his heart was in the mill, and its building and its fitting, which became his dream at the beginning, his blight at the end.

When Colon Campbell laid the foundation of that mill thirty years before his end, there was need for it in that community, and if he could have finished it at once he would have prospered. But it was not plotted in the book

of life for Colon Campbell to stand beside the humming burrstones of his own mill, or for him to lave his hands in the warm stream running out from them, or to bear the dust of the wheat upon his coat. For thirty years he labored to complete the mill, which stood there so long upon the streamside at the bending of the road, hollow, gloomy, rotting piecemeal under its malicious curse.

Year after year he worked at it, putting into it all that he made by his trowel and hammer, all that he made from the yield of his fields, all the increase of his flock. Once it was burned to the foundation stones, once a tornado tore away its roof. But to all these warnings of the Almighty, as well as the friendly counsels of men, Colon Campbell closed his ears. He would have a mill.

The mill began long before my day. At the start of it all, the eldest son, Douglas, then but a lad, was blown up by powder in quarrying stone for the foundation. That did not stop the work, for such tragedies are foredoomed in the lives of men. Fire took the building before the roof was on, and then the work stood at the foundation again for several years, while Colon Campbell raised the walls of other men's houses to gain money for his unlucky mill.

Meantime the village which had once clustered around the mill site dwindled and died under the competition of a new one on the railway some miles away, to vanish like vapor in time. Still, Colon Campbell would have his mill. A new frame was lifted, a roof was spread over it, and then, during a long wait

for money to go on with the work, the tornado made sport of his labor. It was in the work of replacing the roof that Murdo, my second brother, was killed by a fall from the topmost girders.

When they bore him home, broken and bloody, mother reeled back against the wall under this heaviest wrench of all her domestic pain—for Murdo was her favored child—never to speak again in the two months she lingered with us, like a fire-stricken tree. After that she did nothing but stand in the open door, looking along the road toward the mill. There was nothing in her eyes but the horror which her dumb tongue could not speak. When winter came on, and she could no longer stand in the door, she died.

And so the curse of the mill multiplied. But Colon Campbell would not give it over, although he had no means through many a year to cover the bare rafters which clasped its top like the fingers of a bony hand. The rain and the snow fell into it, rotting it away piecemeal, while I, a growing lad, followed the sheep from fold to grazing land, from grazing land to fold.

They called him "Crazy Campbell" then, and we were avoided, like people with a plague. Boys of my own age used to halloo their taunts down to me from the hill-tops. It was a melancholy life for a lad, and the loneliness of those somber days sank into my soul. There was but father and I (I was Colon Campbell, too, called Collie at home) and old Granny Aines, who had followed my mother fresh-cheeked across the sea. She was withered then, and full of the notion of spooks, and of good people who worked witchery with the cream of nights.

What associates I ever had known were of Scottish stock also, for that was a settlement of them. There they kept the traditions, and many of the customs, of the old land alive, as many foreign folk do in this wide land until the old ones die and a new generation sweeps the clouds of old lands away. There were Russian Mennonites to the west of us, who did the same, going further than we did, refusing to marry or hold social intercourse with the Americans at all.

We Campbells had been cut off farther from the world by the blight of the mill and my father's unlucky ambition. I had a little schooling until they plagued me so that I ran home and refused to return. And then my father taught me of winter nights by the chimney-side.

My father kept his lands clear, for all the demands of the mill. "The Campbells never have owed any man," said he; "remember that, lad." And I remembered it. It had been a long time without a blow upon the mill, and men had begun to believe that Colon Campbell was cured of his folly, when one day he drew up material for the long-delayed roof, and that, at last, was finished.

"Now the wheels will soon turn," said he, proudly; "we need only the machinery and the dam." Then he began to brood over the changes time had made in mill machinery. Water power had been supplanted largely by steam, burrstones by rollers of steel. The more he thought of it, the stronger he became convinced that he must revise the plans of his life. In place of a mill dam he must have steam-boilers. Nothing else would serve for Colon Campbell's mill.

So there the gaunt mill-house stood, useless after all its slow years, useless after all its tragedy, its labor, and its pain. When the last beams were in at the top, those at the bottom were beginning to decay; when the last planks were on the roof, the foundation boards were warped and wried off by sun and wind. There it stood like an old coat with new patches, a fantastic creation of a fatal dream. Colon Campbell's strength, and the lives of his children, had gone into it for thirty years. Its toll had been gathered, not from the grain it ground, but from the hearts and the bones and the blood of them, which it wrung from old Colon Campbell and his kind.

And so, upon a day at last, my father, old Colon Campbell, gray as a sapless oak, rough-limbed and rugged from working in stone, hanged himself in the empty mill. There were no burrstones, no hoppers, no bins, to interfere with his dangling feet. So came the end of his long, hard-driving dream.

Then there remained of all the unlucky Campbell house only myself, with Granny Aines to keep my but and ben. The hollow mill had swallowed all the rest. It was enough for Colon Campbell, who had died without the grace of God, that he should be buried without it, men said. They cut him down and laid him beside mother, for that last bed was paid for. The Campbells never have owed any man, least of all for their graves. There is room for me there when my time comes, and my son, and my son's son.

I was a great lad, with a broad, fresh face

like a crock of cream, and shoulders to go into a man's coat and feel the cloth. It was dowie work going about the old place, having so many bitter memories hiding here and there beside crib, and stile, and winding sheep tracks across the wold. Many a day as I went about mending the broken hedges my sorrow bore me to the ground beside them, where I lay and felt my heart draw upon its strings as if it had been held to shrivel above a flame. But time is a good tonic, and I had plenty of it at my hand.

None came to me, for the gloom of the hollow mill-house was around me, like the mold upon the dead. I was a good flock-master, that being the Campbells' ancient pride, and at last I lifted my head, determined to go about my task like a man and rebuild the Campbell dignity and fortune in that place. There being no more the drain of the mill, I felt that I might well employ a man to work the fields and cure the hay while I cared for the flock.

So in time my buildings stood without their crutches, my full, trimmed hedges ran out as even as coped walls. "Now, if you had a lassie," said old Granny Aines. I blushed, turning my back upon her, hastening away across my fields.

For I had no lassie. And I felt that I should have none as long as the grim mill stood beside the stream, the monument of the Campbells' follies, the dread of all who knew its melancholy past.

That was springtime, and blue-eyed flowers on quaint, grassy stems grew beside the pools in the marsh meadow-lands. The grass was tender and sweet there, and I ran the sheep there for it, and for the water which the ewes desire at yeaning-time, for the thirst comes upon them strongly then.

That day the sun was warm upon my shoulders, making me lazy and like to stretch myself, as a man feels in a soft bed of a morning when there is no hurry to rise. Turning from petting the head of an old dam who had brought forth twins, I saw the flutter of a lassie's dress and the gleam of sunlight upon her hair. Her broad-brimmed bonnet she swung by its ribbons in her hand, heaped like a basket with hawthorn blossoms which grew at my woodside.

She was not one of the school to which I had gone some years past. Her face was strange to me. But the one who marched beside her I knew—Tom Reed, also of Scottish stock, who had played with me when we

were lads. They came on toward me with some embarrassment, such as I had noted in most people who knew me and my story, and a blush was on her cheeks, and, like fire at a clear brookside, even to the margin of her eyes.

"We have been trespassing," said Tom, who had nothing to do but hang about after the lassies, I thought, now that he was learning to be a lawyer in the town.

"You are welcome," said I, gravely, stepping aside to let them pass, but with a strange fullness in my throat, for her comeliness cut away my courage like vinegar the breath.

"They only grow here," she faltered, half ashamed of their bold raid, lifting the hat with its snowy burden of bloom. A spray fell to the ground unnoticed as they passed along, hurrying a little as if afraid.

"You are welcome," again said I, and she was gone.

Beyond the stile I saw them from the downs, huddling together like frightened sheep, pointing to the old mill, at my house, turning their faces in the direction I had gone. But they could not see me; the copse-fringe was my friend. So she must be a stranger, and my grim story was one to make her shudder and put her hand upon his arm.

I went back that way as twilight was falling, and found the hawthorn spray. That night I held it in my hand, tenderly, as I would have held her glove or a strand of her gleaming hair, leaning beside my lonely stile, across which no lassie's foot had passed before. The moonlight was white as frost upon the gaunt old mill, glinting like a maiden's teeth when she smiles upon the broken waters at the swift stream's ford. She had passed across my forbidden lands; her feet had pressed the meadows where my sheep fed; that flower had rested in her hand. Ah, if its thorns had been driven into my flesh it could scarcely have given me more unrest! There was I, steeped in melancholy loneliness, a fair white flower in my hand.

"Ah, if I had a lass," sighed I, "if I only had a lass!"

I was quaint and rough about my ways, I know, and quaint in my speech and dress, for we Campbells of the mill had lived much apart from everything on our four hundred acres of mainly hill and down. I was no man to go out and find me a lass to my heart, with the family broad Scotch sticking to my tongue. For I had not used it enough

in the world to wear it smooth in the American way. Besides all that, there was the fearsome old mill glooming over me, and what lass was there who had heard of it would touch a Campbell's hand?

It could not remain long a mystery who she was. Lawyer Henderson, of the town, had come to live in the grand house which joined my lands upon the east, and she was his daughter. Tom Reed was learning the tricks of the law under Henderson's hand, and that made it plain how Tom came to be with her after hawthorn flowers at my wood-side. From my hilltops I could look down upon her house and grounds—there was but a hedgerow between their land and mine—and there I saw her often, a good half-mile between us.

But she came no more across my meadows to my woodside, not even when the bitter-sweet, which most maidens love, turned under the autumn sun and frost like the coral of the sea. And there was no wood, neither hawthorn nor clambering bittersweet, upon Lawyer Henderson's land. I had told her that she was welcome, but perhaps gruffly, with my hat upon my great rough head. But she knew the story of the mill now; she feared to cross my fields.

Lawyer Henderson was a man who found sport in riding up and down the highroads and across such fields as he dared with hounds in pursuit of the few wee foxes which still found homes in the hills. Often he rode across my pastures and hills, trailing some poor old mother fox that had gone out to fetch food for her bairns. Sometimes it was only a foolish rabbit that the solemn-voiced hounds—they always remind me of a trumpet organ in a church—would start, but that seemed to answer just as well. They did not say to me as much as "By your leave," the lawyer and his town friends, but trailed through my lands with great freedom. Not that I cared, so long as they did not frighten my sheep. But it shows, as you shall see, that a man does not relish always the freedom with his own that he takes with another's.

There was snow that evening, with a wind that pulled at my belted greatcoat with savage teeth as I stood by the fold-gate counting in the sheep. One was missing, an old ewe—I knew her like I knew the face of Granny Aines—which I had noticed faltering in her way for a day or two. I thought that

she had slipped away from them, in her poor animal way, to seek a place to die. "I will fetch her," said I, "to the straw and give her a warm bed this bleak and bitter night. It would be a sad thing for poor old Jennie to die out in the drifts."

So I marched back upon the sheep's track, my head bent against the blast, my dog scouting around and about me, seeking a smell of old Jennie. The flock had been browsing a bit of woodland, to trim down the undergrowth that day, which lay along Lawyer Henderson's place near his stables and lots. And as I went on that way I was thinking of Rob Burns and the storms of snow and icy wind which he put into his verses, for Rob Burns was a man who knew bleak fields and the sickness of a lonely heart.

From my woodside came suddenly the baying of hounds, and my collie stiffened in his tracks a moment at the sound, the hair on his neck raising like the bristles of a wolf. Then he was off in that direction as if he had been shot out of a cannon. I was after him as fast as my legs could take me. When I came up with him, he was rolling in a loud battle with two lean hounds, and in the hedge corner on Henderson's side lay poor old Jennie—she had pushed through, and the hedge closing after her had hidden the way of return—a third beast at her throat.

There was blood upon her fleece already; that much I saw before I wrenched away a stake which was interwoven into the hedge and laid the beast a blow across its neck. Its yowling growl was cut off in the middle of a word, you might say, and I flung the dead thing aside, gathering up old Jennie in my arms.

My collie, each slash of his long jaws like the blow of a sword, had sent his two foes limping away with lamenting cries before Henderson's men came running from the stable with pitchforks in their hands, threatening us. I had no time for them, for I was over the hedge and on my way with shivering, torn old Jennie hugged to my breast. She was dead when I put her down upon her bed of straw.

Well, the next morning came the constable for me, saying that I was arrested in the name of the State for upsetting its peace and dignity in trespassing on Lawyer Henderson's land and killing his brown hound dog. I went with him to the town, where I gave a bond to answer that I would appear and be tried in court before the judge next day.

Never had the Campbells had much to do with law, and it frightened me and worried me like a heavy load. I slept little that night, flinging my covers madly at times, sitting up with my head all hot from the fever I had drawn into it by my wild running thoughts. Still, when I began to reason the matter and cast it up from all sides, I cooled. And from cool I came to white anger against Henderson and his ways, determined to go before the judge and spread the matter plain.

In court they told me to lift my hand and swear when I asked to tell the judge how it all fell out. That done, they read to me a paper so full of twists and strange words that no man could understand unless he knew beforehand what it was about, reciting in its roundabout fashion all that I had done in behalf of the old ewe Jennie.

Then, "How is this?" said the judge. "Did you do all this, Colon Campbell?"

"On one side of it, sir," I answered, "what the paper says is true, but it has not a word of my side of it at all."

Lawyer Henderson, who sat at a near-by table, smiled at that, and others smiled, also the judge. "Have you no lawyer?" asked he.

"No," said I, "honorable judge, I have not."

"You need one," said he.

At that they laughed aloud, the judge with them. "Go ahead then, Colon Campbell," said he, "tell us your side, as you say."

Then I moved forward to come nearer to where he sat, my shaggy greatcoat still belted about me, my long hair over my ears, but feeling as much a man free to come and go as any of them there. For the Campbells never had owed any man, except maybe such debts as were paid by the sword. My cap and gloves I placed on the table, hooking my thumb, after a clumsy rustic fashion that I had, into my belt.

And then I told him about the old ewe Jennie, and how she had gone astray; how I sought and found her, and slew the brown hound dog. "She was seven, sir, and that, you know, is old for a sheep, and she had borne me nine. I could name them for you, as I could name the days of the week."

"No need of that, Colon Campbell," said he, smiling at the corners of his mouth. "Go on, tell me what happened to old Jennie."

"She was bleeding from the hound's teeth, and all a-quiver of fright and cold, and I put my coat between her and the storm as I bore

her home. I was thinkin'," said I, "as I went along with old Jennie, of Rob Burns's song, which comes into my head often when I feel the winter wind beating snow upon my face."

"And what song is that?" says the judge.

"The one that goes—

"O, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee!"

Only Rob Burns had it in mind for a lassie," said I, sorrowfully, lifting my eyes openly and frankly to the judge's face, "and I ha' no lassie. I ha' nothing to love but my ewes and their weans, and I ha' nothing more to love me. And old Jennie was a mither—a mother, I should say, sir—to my lambs, and it troubled me hoo"—I drew it out like an owl—"she could ha' gone astray."

I had lived so much alone since my boyhood that I did not know the world's way of saying things, much less that the things I was then speaking of are the things men do not commonly uncover, but bury them away shamefacedly, as if wanting love and starving for it might be a thing of sin.

"And you have no lassie?" said the judge, a fatherly, kind man, leaning forward to hear me speak.

"Never a one in this wide world," said I.

"The world is full of them," smiled he; "you have only to step across the hedge to find them, Colon Campbell."

I shook my head soberly. "There would be none left to mind the sheep," said I.

The sillies in the room giggled aloud at this. And the judge, amused himself at my serious face, said to me then: "And how did it fare with old Jennie in the end?"

"The poor soul died as I bore her along," I answered, a shake in my voice at the memory of her last struggle, "and I have laid her away in a grave with her fleece upon her back. And it is a great honor for a sheep that dies to be buried with its skin and its fleece upon its back, as you know very well, sir."

"No," said the judge, "I did not know it. And why is it such a great honor? Tell me that now, Colon Campbell."

"For when the life goes out of a sheep, he is worth no more than the skin upon his back. Good flockmasters skin them then, and sell the hides."

"I see," said the judge. "You are a good flockmaster, too, but you have a tender heart."

"The hound dog killed my ewe, and I killed the hound dog, and I cannot see the injustice of that," said I, perplexed. "Lawyer Henderson knows very well that I have said nothing, nor sent the constable after him with a paper, when he has rid across my pastures and hills with his dogs and his friends, killing my wee bit foxes, which he has done many a time, let him deny it if he can."

I faced him with accusing eye, and he turned red around his beard, not having the courage to meet me with a look. Again the sillies in the room giggled, and the judge looked sternly over them with a warning to be quiet. "So that is your side of it?" said he.

"That is my side of it," said I. "Trespass is trespass, whether it be to kill a fox or a murderous hound dog, it seems to me."

Hearing a stir at the table where Lawyer Henderson and the county attorney sat, I paused in my speech and turned my eye that way. Henderson's lass was there at his side, leaning down to his ear. He nodded, smiling, as she whispered, and spoke then to the county attorney. The lass, standing there as fresh as a pink wild rose, smiled to me, and my heart leaped as if it meant to spring from me and go fluttering, like a wounded pigeon, at her feet.

The county attorney stood. "An attorney has appeared to plead for Colon Campbell," said he, smiling to the lass, "and the State asks that the defendant be discharged."

"That is as it should be," said the judge, taking up his pen. "Only this, Colon Campbell, mind that you mend the hedge where old Jennie passed through to Mr. Henderson's field."

"This very day," I promised him, taking up my cap.

It was late in the evening when I came to the mending of the hedge, cold and raw, a thin snow blown into the tracks of the cattle and spread like a worn coverlet upon the frozen furrows. All of the growing earth seemed so dead that it might never wake again. I bore with me some withes and stakes to weave into the hedge where old Jennie had pushed through, and I bent to the work quick'y, for darkness was coming fast.

I thought it must be a foolish fancy at first, and that I was turning daffy, like the lone sheep-herders turn upon the Western wilds, for how could a lassie's voice be blown to me upon that bitter wind across the lonesome wold? Yet I had not before been given to fancies or to frights, and I straight-

ened my back, quarreling with myself for my weakness, when it came again, as clear as the whang of a bell upon a frosty morn :

"My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee!"

And there across the hedge, not two rods off, I saw a lassie, the wild wind in her hair. Of course it could be but one.

She stopped quickly when she saw me, coming on then with a little laugh. "How you startled me!" said she. "Oh, you have come to mend the hedge?"

"It is done," said I. "It was but a little slip."

We stood, she on her side of the hedge, I on mine, the settling gloom around us. I could not see the fire of her cheek. I should have thanked her, I know, for her plea in my behalf that day. But I did not. There was an awkwardness between us, as between two who have much to say yet fear to speak. Yet she did not go away. My head was full of the song, and my heart was full of it. And I said to her: "Is that a song that you sing always when you walk about the fields?"

"No," she answered, holding her great fur muff to her cheek; "I have not sung it before in many a day. It was you, this morning, who put it into my mind, and the wind fighting me as I came along brought it to my lips. Do you sing it sometimes?"

I started, a bit frightened, I believe. "No," said I; "I roar like a wind in a chimney. But I can finger it neatly upon the bagpipes, and it is a tune that I love well."

"I have been trespassing on your land again." She spoke lightly, carrying her words upon a little laugh, which I was beginning already to learn was her way.

"It was no trespass; you are welcome," said I.

"But you could never guess where I have been."

Said I, thoughtfully, "There are no hawthorn blossoms now."

"No," she assented, "none."

"And the bittersweet," said I, "is all withered and brown."

"The bittersweet?" said she. "Do you care for it?"

"We made wreaths of it, mother and I, long, long ago," I answered. "It was mother who told me that its red was like the red coral of the sea."

"Very like it," she said, soft and low. "I have been down yonder to see your mill."

It made me jump, like a discovered hare,

and upset all my thoughts in a tangled heap. "You are not afraid of it, then!" I breathed.

"At first I was, like many foolish persons, but not now."

"Thank you, lass," said I, speaking, I felt, not so much for myself as for gray old Colon Campbell, whose life had gone into the mill-house by the laughing ford.

"It is a sad story," said she, with tender sympathy.

"They do not pity him here," I answered, sadly, and perhaps ashamed; "they say he was a fool. But he was a kind man, for all of the mill."

"I am sure he was," said she.

I was standing there almost a-tremble for joy. There was a lass who knew its story and did not fear old Colon Campbell's mill, and who could stand within arm's reach of Colon Campbell's son, neither shrinking nor afraid. At last the curse was lifted, at last the gloom of the mill was swept away!

"Do you walk this way often?" I asked, not knowing what else to say.

"Almost every day," said she, the great fur muff again to her cheek.

"And I pass here almost every day at this time, too, looking for holes in the hedge." Which was not true, but should be, from that day on.

"Then we may meet at the hedge again," spoke she, a little lift of pleasure in her tone.

"But now I must go, it is quite dark."

"Stay just a bit," I pleaded; "I have

something belonging to you which you lost in my meadow long ago."

"Something I lost?" she wondered. "It must not be mine; I do not remember losing anything in your meadow, ever."

"But here it is," said I, undoing my coat and fetching forth a small bill book, placing the treasure in her hand.

"Why, it is nothing but a dried thorn sprig!" said she, perplexed and somewhat vexed by what she must have thought a clumsy joke.

"A bit hawthorn bloom, all dry and withered from the fire of my heart," said I, stretching my two arms across the hedge appealingly. "I have carried it with me since it fell from your bonnet on that day."

It was dark, but not so dark that I could not see her press it to her lips; and no darkness, save the darkness of death, could have smothered from my ears the little sob that rose in her throat as she bent over the dried hawthorn bloom.

That night I roared like the wind in the chimney with my song, until Granny Aines came to my door to see what ailed me, and stood smiling when she saw my face.

"It will be well with this house now, Granny Aines," said I, holding my head high, as the Campbell of the claymore on the wall there must have held his when he came home from victory; "it will be well with this house now, and all within it, for I ha' found a lass."

TRAINING CITY BOYS FOR COUNTRY LIFE

SECOND ARTICLE

BY LYMAN BEECHER STOWE

ONE of the most successful farmers in the world to-day is Joel M. Foster, of the Million Egg Farm, at Brown's Mills, New Jersey. Mr. Foster is a city man, born and brought up in Scranton, Pennsylvania. When he started to raise chickens eight years ago, he had never seen a real chicken farm, and knew nothing about poultry culture except what he had read, much of which he subsequently found was untrue. He is now at the head of the largest egg farm and business in the world. He is making a big income, which represents fifty per cent a year on the investment. Before

starting the Million Egg Farm, six years ago, Mr. Foster had given himself two years of costly and arduous education under that most relentless of schoolmasters—experience.

As the manager of his father's selling force in the International Correspondence School, Mr. Foster had had the best possible business experience before it became necessary for him, eight years ago, to exchange city for country life. He had always had what he calls "chicken-pox," and the prices broilers were bringing led him to believe there must be money in raising them. He rented a small farm, and for two years devoted his

energies to raising and marketing broilers and capons. At the end of that time he had lost over \$4,000, exclusive of living expenses and the value of his own labor. While he could, to be sure, sell his birds at a handsome profit for three or four weeks in the year, the rest of the time he must sell at an actual loss in competition with the farmers. Besides this, 1,400 birds were burned in their brooder during the night and 700 others were killed by rats. Mr. Foster decided to retire from the poultry business unless he could find something more profitable than raising broilers.

He then made a tour of the successful chicken farms of the Eastern United States and found that they were specializing on the egg-producing branch of poultry farming. Accordingly he determined to make that his specialty, and selected Brown's Mills, New Jersey, as the best site for his second venture. He discovered by experiment that the single-comb white Leghorn is the best laying hen yet developed. Consequently he stocked the farm exclusively with this breed, and to this alone he attributes much of his success. The key to his success Mr. Foster sums up in the one word "system." No army was ever more thoroughly organized than this chicken farm. No yacht was ever kept more immaculate. No bank was ever more accurately and methodically managed. There is a system of inspection and reports by which Mr. Foster may know every day the record for the previous day of every bird of the approximately 90,000 on the farm. If any bird or group of birds shows the slightest indication of not being in normal health, the diet is at once changed or something is done to prevent sickness. Those that do fall sick in spite of every precaution are at once segregated in a kind of chicken hospital, unless their illness is severe, in which case they are promptly killed. Light, air, and cleanliness are as necessary to the health and highest efficiency of chickens as to human beings. Experiments are constantly being tried, but as soon as a given method has been proved by adequate tests to be the most effective, that becomes the prescribed method from which no employee may depart, on pain of dismissal. The most marked characteristic of the employees is their enthusiasm and pride in their work. Mr. Foster selects them for their love of the work rather than for their knowledge of it.

A youth applied for a job while I was there. He had two disqualifications, in Mr. Foster's

opinion. He had had a two years' course in an agricultural school and he was from the country. If he had been a green boy from the city, he would have been more acceptable. Over two-thirds of the upwards of two dozen employees are from the cities. When they applied for their places, their chief recommendation was zeal to learn chicken-farming. Most of them are preparing to enter the business for themselves. This farm is really a great practical school in poultry culture, with a small and carefully picked body of students who are well paid while they learn. Monthly and half-yearly money prizes are given for the best work, and the wages rise uniformly and automatically in accordance with a fixed schedule.

Other things being equal, Mr. Foster employs green city youths, because he has found that they are quicker, have nothing to unlearn, feel more enthusiasm for their work, have more ideas and greater ambition. At first he had great trouble in keeping city boys. The foremen would discharge them for incompetence almost immediately. He found, on investigation, that their absolute ignorance of country ways and of even the nomenclature of the work led the foremen unthinkingly to conclude that they were stupid. He persuaded the foremen to give the boys more time to make good in. As a result the foremen themselves now prefer city youths to the "pinies," as the country lads of the New Jersey pine barrens are called. So far from having any trouble about scarcity of labor, Mr. Foster has had almost from the first more applicants than places.

Besides his regular advertising Mr. Foster runs a bureau of information on poultry culture, from which any person, whether a customer or not, may receive the benefit of his experience, either orally, by correspondence, or through printed matter. When I asked him how he justified on business grounds this wholesale assistance to actual and possible rivals, he replied: "Our output last year was two million eggs, and this is the largest egg farm in the world. The people of New York City consume three million eggs in one day. That suggests how remote is the danger of overproduction in the egg business."

Mr. Foster's experience is interesting as showing what may be done in farming under very exceptional circumstances rather than what may be expected under ordinary conditions. He started with the advantage of exceptional natural ability, ten years' expe-

rience in large business affairs, a matured judgment, and capital. During his first two years he practically established an agricultural school for himself and gave himself the most practical imaginable course in poultry culture. His present preference for city youths without agricultural education really means merely that he prefers to educate them himself along his own particular lines. Unlike almost any other farmer one could mention, he has the ability, the inclination, and the equipment to provide this education. Just as a relatively few youths can learn the practice of law by reading law in the offices of great law firms, or journalism in the offices of great newspapers, so a few can learn agriculture on such great farms as this, but for the great majority school and college courses are essential.

As is natural, the city boy's chief handicap in agriculture is his lack of manual skill. Because of this lack of skill he frequently takes up a specialty, such as fruit-raising or chicken-farming, or a combination of the two—something which does not require a good all-round farmer, and in which, consequently, his lack of handicraft skill will be of least disadvantage.

In order to help the city students to overcome this handicap as far as may be, there is at Cornell a placing-out office which seeks to send them to actual farms as farm laborers during the summer vacations. To find such work is not always easy. The average farmer has much the same suspicion of a college student as had the average business man a generation ago. Sometimes these suspicions are anything but allayed by experience. Several fellows from rich and conventional homes have, for instance, appeared for supper in dinner coats after their first day's work as farm laborers. Other city men have shown their inability to set aside false standards by indignantly refusing to sit at the same table with the other farm-hands. One student laborer quit work at 4:30 in the afternoon and left a half-loaded wagon of hay in the field with a thunder-storm threatening. When the incensed farmer demanded an explanation, he glibly explained that he had only agreed to work until five, and that it would be impossible to finish loading and to get the load into the barn by that time. He had the habit of the city time-clock worker. Another lad, whose officious efforts to be helpful were as successful as those of the proverbial clown who gets in everybody's way, was finally buried and all but smothered in

hay by his exasperated companions. When he emerged, perspiring and spluttering, he threw up his place in high dudgeon. One of his professors, out of deference to his excellent class-room record, then gave him the job of caring for his lawn and gardens. After he had broken the lawn-mower, cut his hand in an unsuccessful attempt to mend the mower, and fallen headlong over some frail and expensive shrubs, he was excused to return to his books. He is now a particularly successful entomologist. That is what becomes of some of the inapt city aspirants toward farming. They become agricultural scientists, and sometimes good ones. Let it not be supposed, however, that these misfits are the rule. They are, in fact, very much the exception. Most city-bred students have enough common sense and enthusiasm to counterbalance in large measure their lack of the dexterity which comes of experience. Then, too, their better schooling often enables them to attack their tasks with more intelligence than the farm boys. Furthermore, as they know nothing about practical farm work, they have at least nothing to unlearn. They are open-minded, and the work has for them the interest of novelty, while the farm lad is too apt to look upon it as drudgery. A considerable number of the New York farmers who at first could with difficulty be induced to use any of these city students now not only accept them willingly but apply for them. All things considered, the farmers appear to prefer them to the ordinary farm laborers.

Not a few of the city-bred graduates of the Agricultural College at Cornell are already successful farm proprietors. Necessarily these men have had some capital or some financial help. With few exceptions, there has not as yet been time for those without means to save enough to become independent farmers. Some of these, however, have responsible and well-paid positions as farm managers, and will doubtless soon be in a position to start farms of their own. Among the first group is a man who graduated three years ago. With money given him by an uncle he bought a peach orchard on the Hudson. His crops have been exceptionally fine, and he has sold them particularly well. He is already making money. In the first place, he bought his orchard very cheap; and, in the second place, he has succeeded in selling at top prices. Some years ago the son of a rich New Yorker graduated from the Agricultural College and went to Oregon

to buy a farm. After he had "blown in" the liberal sum his father had given him for the purpose, he wired for more. "The old man," however, "was not so easy as that," and no more was forthcoming. For the first time in his life this gilded prospective farmer found himself face to face with that chilling but wholesome alternative, work or starve. Like others before him, he decided to work. His first job was in a lumber camp. Later he got the position of manager of a small orchard. Small as was the salary, he saved money. A year or two later he was among the first to scent the approach of an apple boom. He put all his savings and all he could borrow into apple land. He improved the land, the boom came, and at its height he sold his land for several times what he had paid for it. With the proceeds he bought a large farm, which he is improving, and which he likewise expects to sell when he has developed it to its highest point of productivity. This is hardly typical farming, but he is improving the land, improving himself, and making money. What more could one ask, and how many country youths have achieved this quick success? A rich Philadelphia youth who went through both the academic course and the agricultural, and made more of a name as a "swell" than a student, went also to Oregon. He bought a large fruit farm, improved it, and sold it at a handsome profit. He has now bought a still larger farm, which he expects to hold and to improve until he can make a similar profit on its sale. Two Chicago fellows after graduation bought an apple orchard in Wayne County, New York. Not satisfied with the prices they received for their crops, they organized a selling syndicate to sell direct to the consumer. They have their own agents in New York City. They are making money.

Another city-bred graduate has for four or five years owned and managed a large general farm in Wyebrook, Pennsylvania. He has had uniformly good crops, which he has sold at uniformly good prices. He keeps his books as carefully as would a first-class banker, and they show an encouraging balance-sheet. A New York young man, whose physique was such that city life was an impossibility for him, after graduating at Columbia took the short course in agriculture at Cornell, and then started a dairy farm in New Jersey. Either he did not know his business well enough or luck ran against him. At any rate, the mortality among his stock was ab-

normally high, and he lost money. Before he had lost much, however, he sold out and bought a peach orchard near Ithaca, New York, where, if he continues to be as successful as he has been thus far, he will within a few years recoup his losses on the dairy venture and begin to make money. Meantime his health is all the time improving instead of failing, as it would were he working in a city. Another New York man, who did not go to an agricultural college, but took a course at the farm school at one time conducted by Dr. George Powell at Briarcliff on the Hudson, went into poultry-raising on Long Island. He too was a man of frail health, under doctor's orders to live in the country. He started on a small scale, sold direct to the consumer, and succeeded admirably for several years. Finally his father, a rich man of large affairs, reasoning that, if his son could make a good profit with a small plant, he could make a better profit with a large one, furnished him with a large and expensive equipment. This large plant proved a white elephant. The undertaking became at once too large for him to manage the details personally. He had to hire a superintendent. The expenses mounted rapidly and the profits fell as rapidly. He had made the fatal mistake of trying to develop his business by revolution instead of evolution. The business is now ruined and most of the expensive plant idle. Fortunately, not many young men are in danger of having their agricultural ventures ruined in this particular way.

Of the eight city-bred farmers mentioned, two are succeeding through shrewd land speculation supplemented by success in the improving of land made possible by their agricultural training. Two more are succeeding largely through their shrewdness in organizing an effective selling syndicate. Another owes his success in large measure to the fact that he secured his land very cheaply and has sold his crops at exceptionally good prices. The success of another has been attained in no small part by his excellent business sense and systematic accounting system. Another is on the road to success chiefly owing to a rapid and timely shift from a losing to a profitable proposition. The only one who is not at present succeeding owes his lack of success more to the ill-judged generosity of a rich father than to his own mistakes. Before he was boosted into failure he was making a modest success largely by means of selling direct to the consumer. The manner of the

success of Mr. Foster and these other men shows the advantage of a combination of city business instincts with country knowledge and training. They are applying city business methods to country business problems. They are buying in the lowest market and selling in the highest. They are keeping their books as carefully as do their fathers in their city offices. Where the middlemen demand too much they are cutting them out altogether and doing their own selling direct to the consumer. While farming is now almost a learned profession, it is nevertheless first and foremost a business to which must be applied the same principles as to any other business.

Agricultural training is now being used as a means of character development for dependent and lawbreaking city boys. A majority of the lawbreaking boys in the State of New York, exclusive of New York City, who are caught and convicted, are committed to the State Agricultural and Industrial School, at Industry, near Rochester. This school is situated on a farm of over fourteen hundred acres. Here are more than seven hundred boys, ninety per cent of whom are from cities and large towns. There are no walls or physical restraints of any kind. The boys live in widely separated cottages, presided over by a man and his wife. It is two and a half miles from the most northerly to the most southerly of these cottages. Nineteen of them are located each upon a farm of fifty to one hundred and twenty-one acres, and have about twenty-five boy inhabitants, who cultivate the farm under the direction of the man in charge. Each such farm has its own farm buildings, barn, piggery, hennery, dairy, cows, and miscellaneous pets, such as ducks, cats, squirrels, and rabbits. On each farm there is also an orchard. Each boy is given the opportunity to have also his individual garden, in which he may plant what he chooses as he chooses, and do as he sees fit with the fruits of his labors. At an annual fair held in the fall the boys of these various farm colonies compete for prizes and premiums just as do farmers at town and county fairs. Here they display everything from prize colts to pet crows in living things, and from sofa cushions to intricate pieces of machinery in manufactured articles. Also the boys who have been particularly successful in the management of cows, chickens, or pigs prepare and read papers before the assembled boys, telling how they succeeded.

The boys are in school half the day, and the other half they work on the farm. In school they have systematic instruction in agriculture under expert supervision by way of supplementing by theory their practical experience in the daily work of the farms. They conduct, in connection with their school work, scientific experiments in testing seeds, soils, and fertilizers. In addition to all these activities, agricultural experts give them illustrated lectures during the winter.

Although Superintendent Briggs started this work only seven years ago, several of the pioneer boys are now renting and managing farms. Before many years some of these will undoubtedly become full-fledged farm-owners. One of them, who has been working a farm on shares for several years and saving money to buy one of his own, was one day confronted by a lawyer whom his besotted father had employed to find him and force him to return to the city. The boy was eighteen, and his father wanted to put him to work in a factory and appropriate his wages until he was of age. Superintendent Briggs and the boy between them made the lawyer see the matter in such a light that he reported to his client, the father, that the boy could not be found. This noble parent was deprived of this particular means of financing his dissipations. Another paroled boy is renting and managing a farm belonging to one of the supervisors of the school. This is the more remarkable as there is a large percentage of blooded stock on the farm. Men naturally do not intrust their blooded stock except to those in whom their faith is great. Not long ago a paroled boy returned to ask permission to marry the daughter of the wealthy farmer for whom he was working. His success had not been exclusively agricultural.

Over thirty-three per cent of the boys who have left are now on farms. Perhaps a majority of the others would be if they had been free to choose their occupation. Many of them were made to return to the cities by their parents; and in many such cases the only motive of the parents was that of the father just mentioned—exploitation. There are one hundred paroled boys now working on farms. Of their own choice they have gone into the country rather than back to the city.

The supervisors testify that the city boy's usually keener interest goes far to counteract his lack of manual skill. In the case of the younger boys, for whom the lure of the city

streets has not become a fixed habit, the great majority enjoy the work, and gradually their city ambition to own saloons gives place to the desire to own farms. The glimpses I caught from time to time of youngsters surreptitiously embracing pet calves and prize colts suggested that teachers and supervisors were not the only, nor perhaps even the strongest, living influence in shaping these new tastes and ambitions. Seven years ago this great institution was surrounded by prison walls in the city of Rochester. The boys were marched about their barren yard under rigid military discipline. They were being suppressed, but not developed. The changed conditions are typical of the times and of the new use of agriculture as a means of character development.

What the State Agricultural and Industrial School is doing for the lawbreaking boys of the State, the Lincoln Agricultural School, at Lincolndale, New York, is doing for homeless and worse than homeless New York City street boys. They come directly from the Catholic Protectory, whence they have been herded in off the streets of the metropolis. Of the many hundreds at the Protectory two hundred of those who most need or most want agricultural training are sent to Lincolndale to work and study on a beautiful farm of six hundred acres near the northerly boundary of Westchester County. Practically all are boys who have amply won the manly distinction of being classed as "tough." Practically all come from homes which have in one way or another been wrecked by untoward city conditions. Here the aim is to give them a new start in life under favorable country conditions. The Christian Brothers of the Church of Rome are doing the work. Brother Barnabas, an inspired leader of men and of boys, is at the head. The fact that Abraham Lincoln is the great exemplar of the school is typical of the breadth and tolerance of its spirit.

During the four years of its existence dairying has been made the specialty. Model dairy barns were constructed and fine herds of Jerseys and Holsteins purchased. At first a full complement of men—experienced men—were employed. Gradually, as the boys learned to work, the men were discharged and replaced by boys. The boys now do all the dairy work except the supervision. Not only has the popular belief that boys spoil cows been proved a fallacy, but the boys are getting materially better results than did the

men. The older boys work on the farm regularly and go to school in the intervals, while the younger go to school regularly and work on the farm in the intervals. There is, of course, time for play, just as there is at Industry and at all schools which get results. Just as at Industry, agriculture is systematically taught in the school, and the boys are allowed to have individual gardens and to do as they please with their produce. Some of them sell their vegetables to the institution at the prevailing market rates.

Brother Barnabas was led to realize the necessity for this training by long years of patient effort in securing country homes for New York boys. He had to implore reluctant farmers to take them for the good of the cause. Farmers now implore him to send them boys. He has many more applications than boys to fill places. His object is, first, to help the boys; and, second, to help solve the farm labor problem of the State. As soon as one boy is placed in a community there come from the neighborhood a dozen to twenty-five requests for others. In former days the result of placing a boy in a given community was sometimes to make it difficult, if not impossible, to place others in the same locality. A farmer once asked one of these untrained city boys to draw a pail of water at the pump—the pump being the most conspicuous object in the dooryard. The boy picked up the pail and wandered about without apparent goal or object. The word pump meant nothing to him. There are no pumps on Avenue A in New York. Another farmer asked one of Brother Barnabas's raw recruits to go to the barn and get a whiffletree which he would find leaning against the wall. After a long search the boy returned with a butter firkin. When the farmer and boy do not even speak the same language, the difficulty of bringing them into sympathetic touch can be readily enough understood.

The boys that go out onto farms from the Lincoln School not only know a pump when they see one, but they frequently know more than the farmer himself in some useful directions. A fifteen-year-old boy recently persuaded the farmer for whom he was working to buy a clipping-machine and let him clip his cows, to lay a cement floor in the cow barn, and to paint the barn. The farmer thought these absurd notions, but he liked the boy so much that he complied. When the physicians in the neighborhood learned of these improvements, they recommended

the milk of this particular dairy for the babies and the invalids, and the farmer was soon able to raise the price of his milk from eight to fifteen cents a quart. Another boy from the Lincoln School persuaded his employer to let him cultivate the potato-patch as was done on the school farm. As a result, the yield was one and one-half times greater than the best previous crop from the same patch. A fourteen-year-old boy who had not yet left the school took care of a small herd of dairy cows for two weeks while the farmer was away. As he had been taught to do, he cleaned out the barn every morning and washed off each cow with warm water both night and morning. By the time the farmer returned the milk yield of the herd had been doubled. The farmer remarked that he wished he had stayed away longer. Naturally enough, he wants the boy to come and work for him when he leaves the School. It is part of the policy to send the boys out onto ordinary farms from time to time, so that they may know and understand ordinary as well as model farm practice before they take up farming as a livelihood.

Twelve of the Lincolnale boys went last fall with Mr. Ryan's prize cattle to the State Fair at Syracuse. Mr. Ryan has since said that they are more efficient than any men he can hire, and that he proposes to substitute them for his men as fast as he can get them. Don't forget that most of these coveted agricultural workers were tough street boys from the dregs of New York City.

Based upon his experience, Brother Barnabas estimates that at least seventy-five per cent of these boys will be permanently successful in life. Hardly more than ten per cent of those sent out by ordinary child-caring institutions become successful. Why may not some of our great men of the future count among their ancestors these sons of the cities' failures and outcasts?

At the National Farm School near Philadelphia the modern miracle to which I referred in my first article is being performed. City Jewish boys are being made into successful farmers. The primary object is to raise up agricultural leaders for the Jewish immigrants in the congested centers. To decoy these people out onto the land without such leaders is to bring them to ruin and starvation. Even the few who have done agricultural work in Europe are not trained to meet successfully American conditions. This is a school of agricultural handicraft supple-

mented by theory. It is situated on a farm of about four hundred acres. The minimum entrance age is sixteen; the regular course is four years, but students may secure a certificate at the end of two, and many take this shorter course. The farm is run entirely by the students under the supervision of the instructors. The produce is sold for from ten to twelve thousand dollars a year, which is about a third of the cost of running the school. There is no tuition charge, but when a boy comes from a well-to-do family, as sometimes happens, his parents usually make a donation to the institution. The school is free to all races, classes, and conditions of boys, but, as it was founded by Rabbi Krauskopf, of Philadelphia, for the special purpose mentioned, it naturally has attracted Hebrew boys almost exclusively. It was opened fourteen years ago. There are now one hundred students. Of the graduates, eighty per cent have gone onto the land and succeeded at least well enough to stick.

Every graduate has had some theory and more practice in almost every branch of farming. He is prepared to make an immediate livelihood on the land. Some of the boys from the Ghetto in New York City, which would seem a sufficiently hopeless recruiting ground for agricultural material to daunt the most sanguine, are doing particularly well. They have brains enough to counterbalance very largely their clumsiness with their hands. During their month's summer vacation most of the boys work on farms, and wherever they go there come applications from surrounding farms for more of them. The idea of American farmers clamoring for young city Hebrews as farm workers is a little difficult of belief, but it is a fact. Both for temporary and permanent positions Superintendent Washburn has seventy-five per cent more applications than he has applicants.

Ten of the graduates are now successful on farms of their own. One of these, with his father and grandfather, bought a fruit farm in New Jersey. They have been notably successful both in growing and marketing their crops. A number of these farm-owning graduates have been helped in the purchase of their places by the Hebrew Aid Society, which is a branch of the Baron de Hirsch Foundation. A number have gone out to a 6,000-acre tract of irrigated land in Utah, which some Jewish capitalists have purchased and are selling at twenty-

three dollars an acre, payable in installments. Several more are about to go to this Utah community.

There is a fifty-acre farm on the National Farm School tract which is each year managed on shares by the best junior and the best senior. Besides their experience in actual commercial agriculture, these two students clear between three and four hundred dollars apiece during the year. They have, of course, the great advantage of the best expert advice, absolutely free. Of the eight boys who have thus far won this opportunity, four are already successful farm proprietors. A graduate of the Farm School has charge of the Jewish agricultural community at Woodbine, New Jersey. He is literally fulfilling the mission for which the school was primarily established. Another who specialized in horticulture after his first two years is now the manager, on a liberal salary, of a great private estate. A graduate who had specialized in dairy work was given charge of the dairy department of a big farm in the Middle West. By scientific feeding he increased the milk output threefold within six months.

And when this work was started, what said the ever-ready prophets of disaster? They made these four inspiring predictions: First, Jewish boys from the cities will never go to an agricultural school; second, if they do go, they will not stay; third, if they do stay, they will never become farmers; fourth, if they do become farmers, they will never succeed.

It is commonly believed that the farmer gets too little for his produce, the consumer pays too much, and the middleman either gets too much or there are too many of him, or both. If this is so, the city boy who goes into the country with an agricultural training will inevitably tend to modify this undesirable state of affairs. In learning country life he does not lose city instincts. He acquires the art of growing things; he inherits the art of selling them. For instance, a certain city-bred farmer received one day this wire from the commission merchant to whom he had shipped a car-load of peaches: "Peaches arrived badly damaged. What shall we do?" He replied, "Sell for best price obtainable." He was credited with about one-third what he should have received for good fruit in good condition. When the next car-load arrived, he was on hand to see it unloaded. The fruit was in perfect condition. He said to the clerk in charge, who, of course, had no idea who he was, "Have you had much

trouble with fruit being damaged in transit?" "No, very little," replied the clerk; "but we never received but one car-load in such good condition as this one, and that came from the same party last week." With this information he returned home, where he found awaiting him this second telegram from the commission merchant: "Second car-load also badly damaged. Please wire instructions." He did not wire, but went in person to the office of the commission merchant, and left the office with a check for two car-loads in perfect condition.

The city-bred farmer learns to be painstaking and industrious without losing his quick wits and shrewdness. He learns to love the quiet joys of the country, but he demands the comforts of the city. He is neither a "city swell" nor a "country rube," but he has the good qualities of both. The proverbial antagonism between city and country has been disastrous to both. The cities have exploited the country and the country has resented modern improvements as "city notions." The city-bred farmer with his inherited city sympathies and his acquired country sympathies can have no part in this senseless prejudice. His influence must ever be for co-operation between the community whence he came and the one in which he lives.

Farming is the last of the great series of industries to adopt modern business principles. Many, perhaps most, farms are still isolated units. The business methods of many farmers measured by modern standards are archaic. No wonder they are not receiving what they should for their products. But the farmers are now getting into line and beginning to keep step in the double-quick march of modern industrial progress. The old farming is everywhere giving way to the new, and no class of men are so well fitted to lead in this advance as those who are city bred and country trained. These men have not only high ideals of what country life should be, but the traits and the training to realize these ideals.

Just as Hercules's opponent Antæus doubled his strength every time he touched mother earth, so the men of the cities renew their strength when they return to the land. Likewise exhausted lands are renewed by the scientific agricultural methods of the city-bred and country-trained farmer. In short, the bringing together of exhausted city men and exhausted country lands means the renewal of both.

THE SPECTATOR

IT was the middle of August, and the Spectator was buried in the throes of a summer vacation. He had chosen a trip through the Southwest, featuring the so-called "bad lands" of Arizona, the mining sections, and the great cattle country. It was here that the story-writers had found the heart of Western romance. The Spectator wanted to confirm some of their statements about bad men, Indians, and far-riding cowboys.



So it was that the Spectator went straight to the throne of the great Southwest, where the Queen of Copper reigns supreme. Here the little mining town of Bisbee, Arizona, supports its transient population from the enormous mines of the Copper Queen and Calumet and Arizona. It is a town of one industry—everything pertains to copper. As one looks for the first time upon this little cluster of barren mountains, it seems as if the Creator had left it branded forever with the stamp of utter and irredeemable sterility. All the producing germs of nature seem to have passed it by unnoticed. But how perfect is the mask! Beneath this arid cover lie millions of dollars' worth of copper yet unmined.



A thousand feet underground the Spectator was shot on a lightning-speed elevator. One has strange sensations when nearly a quarter-mile beneath the surface of things. But here were endless mazes of tracks, shaft-tunnels, and stope-holes. In the dim yellow light of torches men were working and sweating everywhere. A new little world of strange phantom shadows, hideously disproportioned figures, and damp-smelling air was opening its tragic secrets. Here was man at the very bowels of the earth knocking at its treasure trove. Stepping gingerly through mud-thick tunnels, peering in at gaping black stope-holes, the Spectator followed his Stygian guide, a husky, dirt-besmeared young engineer, to the region of the ore veins. Here the chugging of steam-drills, the shriek of spent power, and the occasional boom of the blast told at what heavy price the earth was releasing its buried wealth.



Work is spelled with a capital letter in a mining town. It is written by the sweat of men's brows, and is the product of brawn and muscle pitted against the tragic elements of the earth. In the larger mines the cycle of work goes on as constantly as the revolutions of the earth upon its axis—twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, and fifty-two weeks a year. There are no Sundays, no holidays. Night shift relieves day

shift with the regularity of clockwork. Men work and sleep, and wake again to work. There are few, if any, real pleasure sources or amusements. So great is the percentage of labor, one seems to forget that beneath it all lie some of the greatest scientific minds in the country. Back of every muck-stick, and in every ounce of ore that is raised to the surface, there is the solution of some stupendous engineering problem. Silently, inconspicuously, the brain has paved the way for labor.



One afternoon the Spectator borrowed a bronco and rode out to a cattle range. When he reached the rancho he had the thirst of a thousand deserts in his throat. The good-natured ranchman led him to a strange-looking earthen jar that hung in full exposure to the blistering sunshine. One would have expected to find a very warm drink in such a place, but the water was as cold as ice. The device is called an *olla*, and the cooling of the water is produced by rapid evaporation. The vessel is made of adobe clay by the Mexicans, and its porous composition permits the water inside to seep slowly through, so that as fast as it reaches the surface the moisture is evaporated. It is only in very dry climates that the device is feasible. But on the desert, where ice is an unknown luxury, the *olla* is almost indispensable.



The Spectator was about to continue his journey across the desert into Mexico when something in one of the cattle pens attracted his attention. Three *vaqueros* were engaged in sawing off the horns of a great Mexican bull. "He killed another of my hybrid bulls this morning," explained the ranch-owner. "He's an arena fighter that I bought from a matador at Juarez." The animal was indeed a fighter. It took a heavy stock and reams of thick rope to hold him while the three *vaqueros* relieved him of his dangerous antlers. When the task had been completed, they turned him loose and we all watched him lumber off towards a small water-hole. He was evidently the maddest bull in all Arizona, and intended to let the other denizens of the range know as much.



Bellowing forth terrific challenges, he approached the half-dried pond. On the farther side stood a big Texan longhorn, defensively returning the challenge, and hoofing showers of sand and mud upon his back. Pitifully ignorant of the loss of his horns, the Mexican plowed

around the water-hole to begin the customary preliminaries of battle. Roar after roar of hungry rage now split from his throat. Foot by foot he pawed the earth toward his opponent. Clouds of sand flew into the air over his lowered head, and the other steers and cows drew back and formed a circle, looking passively on. Suddenly the roaring ceased. The Mexican's great muscled hind legs pushed into the ground and shot him against the Texan. With a dull thud his unprotected head crashed between the long-pronged antlers of the Texan, and met the temples between. For a moment both animals reeled sidewise from the terrific shock. Then the Mexican drew out, parried with imaginary horns, and stove again at the temples of the Texan. This time his charge was more lateral, and there were no antlers to deflect the piercing prongs as they plowed a long, ragged gash into his great virile neck.

With a shriek of pain, the wounded bull pulled back, staggered, and fell to his knees. Dazed and mystified, he recovered himself, lowered his tail between his legs, and backed slowly away. The Texan did not flank him as he crept down to the water-hole and drank heavily. The crimson flow oozed from his neck and diffused pinkly into the thick, muddy water. After drinking gallons, the poor fellow slunk away on the desert. The wound had not been fatal, but it had made him realize, for the first time, the loss of his horns. Like some dethroned monarch, he must now roam the range, hopelessly bereft of his power.

The Spectator now wanted to see something of prehistoric man. In the Forest Reserve, just south of the Navajo country, there is a cañon that harbors a deserted village of cliff dwellings. A day's journey brought one to this prehistoric setting. There is nothing that so fills the human mind as a great yawning crack in the earth. Add to this the sight of strange little huts, inhabited thousands of years ago by squat, animal-like cave men, and one's thoughts go racing back across the chasm of time to the Stone Age and things even more primitive. Tucked into the walls of the cañon, in long, regular tiers, were the cliff dwellings. Jutting ledges of rock hung over each tier, affording protection from the elements and making the refuge impregnable to beast or savage. In crude masonry of stone and mud the little structures had passed through the centuries, immune from the disintegrating forces of nature. Thus had they housed a tribe of savage cave men thousands of years before. A strained, latent silence fills the cañon. It is a silence that magnifies the slightest sound, playing with it, tossing it back and forth in a series of mock-

ing echoes. Even a whisper goes hissing through the acoustic space.

A stone loosens from the cliff and trickles into the hole. Instinctively the observer searches the door of each little hut. In the hidden recesses his imagination conjures up the vision of a dwarfed figure leering out at him from the darkness. Again he drifts back through the æons of time, and, for the moment, he is a cave man himself, looking across the street at his primitive neighbors, and wondering what Mrs. Cave Woman is cooking for dinner, or what Mr. Cave Man is talking about as he gossips with yonder neighbor. The stage is set, the curtain is up. Lacking only are the quaint little actors, and these imagination alone can supply.

In exploring one of the dwellings the Spectator found a small, dried-up cob of corn. It was buried deep in the dust of the floor, and was as hard as rock. There is a vague possibility that this might have been carried into the hut by some wild animal, but, as there were no ranches within many miles of the place, and as the cliff dwellers were supposed to have raised their own maize, he decided to retain the find as a genuine relic. Subsequent explorations failed to reveal anything in the nature of arrow-heads or other implements which the cliff people were supposed to have used in their crude manner of existence. A little later, however, the Spectator saw something in one of the huts that made him hold his breath in terror. Silhouetted in the darkness behind the open door was a long, bearded face. In the face were two eyes which blinked with solemn, passive curiosity. "A cave man!" thundered the Spectator's thoughts, and, with a feeling that some neurotic illusion was playing with his sense of vision, he blinked desperately back at it. Then the face actually began to move. The long, straggly beard tilted upward, and across the abyss came a weird wail of mournful sound. In the desolate cañon the cry seemed like the bleat of some abandoned soul calling back through the ages of the past. Then, slowly, the figure moved forward, and in another moment the shaggy body of a wild buck mountain goat strutted calmly forth and trotted off down the trail.

A sudden desire now seized the Spectator to return to the little town he had left that morning. He wanted to see his fellow-man. The prehistoric atmosphere of the deserted cliff dwellings had set him thinking, and it is not good for a man to think too much in Arizona. Was the Spectator descended from anything that lived in a cliff hut? He wondered.

THE NEW BOOKS

Drifting Diamond (The). By Lincoln Colcord.
The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.

It is refreshing to come upon a story of adventure written with such animation, freshness, and energy of imagination as Mr. Colcord's original and absorbing tale of the sea and the diamond which had the touch of fate upon it, which carried disaster across the world; and the evil genius of which was finally exorcised by the faith and conscience of a good woman. The plot recalls Stevenson simply because it is impossible not to think how Stevenson would have enjoyed working it out. But there is nothing imitative in Mr. Colcord's style; it is highly individual, full of the personality of the writer. He gives a description of a typhoon which makes the reader feel that he is in personal danger. It is not often that descriptive phrases convey such a sense of reality, or that descriptive language, instead of piling up a great mass of words, so vividly puts one in the very center of the confusion of nature. Altogether "The Drifting Diamond" is an uncommonly interesting and promising piece of writing.

Cry in the Wilderness (A). By Mary E. Waller.
Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.30.

Much of the popular success of Miss Waller's writing is due to her comprehension of life and her insight into character. She is also gifted with the rather rare power of imparting her thoughts without sacrificing their vitality or individuality. "A Cry in the Wilderness" is a novel with a plot, and the touch of mystery persists to the end. The story is not easy to read, for it is complex and sometimes involved. But it is interesting in its variety: New York City, with its toiling, commonplace masses; Canada and New England, with their characteristic people, poetic or matter of fact; and, above all, the wonderful surgeon, Dr. Rugvie, who untangles difficulties, saves lives, and puts courage into disheartened souls.

Phœbe, Ernest, and Cupid. By Inez Haynes
Gillmore. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.35.

It is hard to find any one who does not know Phœbe and Ernest and Mr. and Mrs. Martin, but even their best friends, most versed in their engaging ways and manners, will be glad to meet them again in a book. Cupid plays the star part in this set of stories, and Phœbe and Ernest pass through the usual vicissitudes of romance before they are safely landed within their own new homes and begin to exercise the same yet different influence that radiated from the center filled by father and mother Martin. Wholesome, merry, absolutely true to life are these tales.

Inheritance (The). By Josephine Daskam
Bacon. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.30.

Another tale of mysterious parentage. Nurse False brings "Master Hugh" up to know he is a

gentleman, and by her shrewdness and devotion secures his position in the family of a country doctor near New York, though the boy is English, as she is also. The author uses her familiarity with England and the English to delightful advantage, and one responds heartily to the little touches that make her pages sparkle with wit. Hugh Gordon grows up to become the doctor's successor, having passed through a curious London experience as "the heir," cleverly described by the appreciative author. A wholesome love story grows slowly but surely in the unsuspecting hearts of the hero and heroine, and we close the book glad to feel that it is not in the least necessary to concoct a disagreeable, problematic situation in order to write a good story.

May Iverson Tackles Life. By Elizabeth
Jordan. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.25.

The stories about the school-girl May Iverson continue in a new volume, which will doubtless be widely read. Their cleverness is their greatest fault, for it entirely destroys the illusion that a real girl is writing. The comments on Henry James, for instance, are far too acute to be May Iverson's unassisted. The pranks played at the convent school are just as irresponsible and funny as they should be, but we still await the long-desired new book for girls.

Newspaper Reporting and Correspondence.
By Grant M. Hyde. D. Appleton & Co., New York.
\$1.50.

The author has the double advantage of newspaper experience and of being an instructor in a school of journalism—that at the University of Wisconsin. He here attempts to tell the cub reporter how to write and handle a news story. His points are practical, although sometimes rather primary. Many who are not ambitious to become reporters may find in the book instructive and entertaining side lights on newspaper methods.

On Hazardous Service. By William Gilmore
Beymer. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.80.

Just the kind of book to interest boys and young men, because it is full of thrilling adventure in war times. The stories of the brave and often reckless deeds of the scouts and spies, both of the Federal and Confederate forces, in the Civil War, including those of two or three women spies, are here related from first-hand information and made into readable and exciting narrative. The colored illustrations are by Howard Pyle and others.

Scientific American Reference Book, 1913. Edited by Albert A. Hopkins and A. R. Bond. Munn & Co., New York. \$1.50.

A new edition of a valuable reference book, illustrated by hundreds of pictures. The editor tells us that the "Scientific American" receives about 15,000 inquiries every year, and this

book is intended to meet the desire for accurate information indicated by this enormous number of questions. It covers an exceedingly large number of topics, and gives facts and statistics not only about commerce, invention, manufactures, and science, but about other matters only indirectly connected with those topics.

Lip-Reading: Principles and Practice. By Edward B. Nitchie. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.50, net.

The head of the New York school for the hard-of-hearing unfolds the mystery of lip-reading so that it can be mastered without a teacher. His own attainment of ability to interpret the thought conveyed by a phonograph whose tubes have been placed in his ears, while "without conscious effort the vision of the moving lips of the speaker passes before the mind," the listener's eyes being closed, illustrates what is possible for his pupils in the art. The volume is the only authoritative work in this country upon its subject. Its chapter on the eye as substituted for the ear, and its suggestions to friends of the deaf, have value for all. Its forty pages of capital "stories for practice" indicate a tactful manner of alleviating toil.

Great Adventure (The). By Louise Pond Jewell. The F. A. Stokes Company, New York. 80c.

This little book puts in the form of an experience the faith that life is continuous and death the great adventure, to be looked forward to with glad anticipation. It is equally free from sentimentality and from cant, and is, in our belief, as harmonious alike with the best philosophy as it is with the prophetic and inspirational teachings of Jesus Christ. It is a book not merely of comfort in sorrow, but not less so of inspiration to life. We hope that in any new edition the publishers will omit the picture, which is the only false thing in the book.

Making a Business Woman. By Anne Shannon Monroe. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.30.

Equipped with common-sense courage, and "downright tired of being poor," Miss Gale broke with the traditions of her family and went to Chicago to be a business woman. She had taught school, but really couldn't see why she would not make a success in business, if the boys she taught could do it. The narrative of her early struggles and later prosperity is told in extremely colloquial style. She soon overcame her inability to use slang, and fell into all the popular and commercial English that seems to be necessary. The story is really absorbingly interesting. The comments upon business methods and the insight into human motives are keen and true. When she refused to enter into shady transactions, even after she was a prosperous advertising agent, the man who was trying to secure her aid always fell back upon the belief that "women couldn't understand big business, anyway." In a panic she had the advantage of men because she could economize as

they could not. She could nibble a sandwich, while a man must order porterhouse steak for himself and his friends. "He instinctively humors himself, while a woman instinctively denies herself," says the wise observer. If her real estate deals seem rather phenomenal, one can adjust the matter in one's mind by remembering that they would be only usual transactions in a man's business life. The book is worth reading, combining much solid, wholesome sense with a smaller amount of amusing and perhaps imaginary incident.

Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings. By Mary H. Northend. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$5.

As befits the subject, the publishers have given this volume a fine and almost sumptuous form; the illustrations are not only beautiful examples of old gardens, old furniture, china, silver, glassware, and the other fittings of the home, but they do very directly and charmingly present collectively the choice types of all these things. The homes so presented range from the primitive "lean-to" up to the noblest specimens of Colonial architecture as shown in great mansions. The author has evidently spent much time and much loving and pleasurable study in examining famous and beautiful houses and collections of Colonial articles, and in every way she has made a book worthy of the subject.

Dancing and Dancers of To-Day. By Caroline and Charles H. Caffin. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$4.

This finely decorated and illustrated volume treats almost exhaustively the topic of "the modern revival of dancing as an art," with many portraits of such recent dancers and posers as Genée, Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, and other exponents of the art. Chapters on such topics as Court Dances, the Russian Dance Drama, Folk Dancing, Eccentric Dancing, and the Origin of the Dance show that the authors' intention is to cover the subject in all its modern aspects and not merely to make a picture-book.

Woman in the Making of America. By H. Addington Bruce. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

The biographical facts collected by Mr. Bruce quite support the high tribute he pays to the women who took an active and courageous part in our early National history. Beginning with the founding of the colonies, the procession of noble women sweeps through the years up to the present day. It is well that some of these names should be recalled to mind; others are perfectly familiar to all. Heroines of pioneer life in the West are followed by those of our Civil War, North and South. Just at this point, where the North has been too silent, the author's record of sacrifice among the wives and daughters of the North and West will be peculiarly appreciated. Never so vocally expressive as the South, we have done too little honor to the brave, helpful women who, though the war was

not at their doors, suffered as keenly as human hearts could suffer in those dark days. The public work they did has always been recognized, but the individual sacrifices and the poverty endured has not been generally known because of the more dramatic losses borne by their Southern sisters. The woman of to-day is too much in evidence to need exploitation. The author touches briefly but adequately upon the multiform activities of her life—philanthropic, religious, political, social, and educational. He defends the woman's club from its diminishing number of critics, giving a just view of its purposes and accomplishment. In organized charity women, he says, do far more than their share, even when associated with men on the boards. With de Tocqueville, the author says: "If I were asked to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of the American people ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply—to the superiority of their women."

New Immigration (The): A Study of the Industrial and Social Life of Southeastern Europeans in America. By Peter Roberts, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.60.

This book is exactly what its title and subtitle suggest—a careful review of the quality, industrial activities, and conditions of life in the United States of the Slavs, Poles, Hungarians, and other peoples who have made up the bulk of immigration for the past quarter of a century. It is written on the basis of a thoroughgoing personal investigation, and with a consistent effort to present the facts rather than to develop theories, although Mr. Roberts frankly voices his belief that the defects he finds in "the new immigrants" are due as much to the conditions of their environment in the New World as to any inherent shortcomings, and that their development into wholly desirable citizens depends chiefly on our treatment of them. It is a book well calculated to arouse a sympathetic interest in these newcomers to our shores, so alien from us in customs and points of view; and it is, moreover, a most readable book, with its wealth of illustrative anecdote from the tenement, the factory, the mine, and the logging and railway camp.

History of the United States (A). Vol. III. *The American Revolution, 1761-1789.* By Edward Channing. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50, net.

The distinguishing feature of this study of the American Revolution by the well-known Professor of History in Harvard University is the emphasis laid on the importance of the economic factor in determining alike the causes and the outcome of the War for Independence. It was not out of any intense desire for freedom of political action that the Revolution developed, but because of indignation, not wholly justified, at the belated action of the home authorities in enforcing their customs regulations, and thereby hampering the free-and-easy and

extremely profitable trade relations the colonists had been having with the outside world. Similarly it was not so much American victories in the field as the economic distress occasioned in England by the long-continued limitation of commerce and industry that compelled the mother country to consent to peace on terms of separation. This view, of course, has been advanced by other writers, but never with the array of confirmatory evidence which Professor Channing submits. The economic factor again is emphasized by him in his discussion of the events leading up to and rendering well-nigh inevitable the development of an effective union under the Constitution, the formation of which is described by him with illuminating carefulness. Necessarily, perhaps, this elaboration of the prosaic details of colonial policy, trade relations, manufacturing activities, and the like, renders his study at times difficult reading. But there can be no question of its substantial worth and contributory helpfulness to our understanding of the great era with which it is concerned.

Henrietta Maria. By Henrietta Haynes. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3.50.

Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV of France, became Queen of England as the charming but unfortunate consort of Charles I. Her life is now described by Henrietta Haynes, who shows much sense of historical perspective. As we read these pages the pathos of the whole political situation of the time, as misunderstood by both Charles and Henrietta, becomes increasingly apparent.

Margaret of France, Duchess of Savoy, 1523-74. By Winifred Stephens. The John Lane Company, New York. \$4.

In French history there have been three royal women named Margaret. What is more, they marked three successive generations. And, what is perhaps most interesting of all, they influenced three phases of French literature. They were Margaret of Angoulême, Margaret of Savoy, and "La Reine Marguerite." The first was the sister of Francis I; the second, his daughter; and the third was the daughter of Henry II and Catherine de' Medici. The first was one of those inconsistent Renaissance persons whom she herself describes in her "Hep-tameron," who went to church in the morning and spent the afternoon telling doubtful stories. The third Margaret, equally gifted—the wife of Henry of Navarre, later Henry IV—was equally fond of revel and adventure—just as Dumas *père* describes in his well-known romance. Concerning the first and third Margaret much has been written, but little concerning the second. This seems strange, for, if not as original as the others, the second Margaret was perhaps as remarkable. Certainly she was as admirable. If we are not mistaken, the part of the present volume which will most interest readers is the

account of Margaret's childhood on the banks of the river Loire, the description of the Courts of Francis and Henry, and the appreciation of Ronsard and the other poets and *littérateurs* of a period which, curiously enough, was both cultured and barbaric. Margaret may be counted among the makers of modern Italy, for she married Emanuele Filiberto, Duke of Savoy, the founder of the royal Italian house. That means that she—now the Italian Margherita—and Emanuele were the progenitors of the present house of Savoy.

Chile and Her People of To-Day. By Nevin O. Winter. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$3.

Mr. Winter has already instructed us concerning Mexico, Brazil, and other Latin-American countries. He now instructs us concerning Chile. The book is timely. We hardly yet realize that the Chileans are the real Yankees of the South, and that they have proved to be the best soldiers in Latin America. Mr. Winter tells us that the latter fact is due to the temperate climate, the mountainous character of the country and its isolation, and the admixture of blood with the unconquerable Araucanians, who of all the aborigines of South America most nearly resemble the North American red men. Furthermore, because of its natural formation, Chile has developed into the strongest maritime nation of the South American continent. The author even prophesies that Chile is destined one day to be the master of the southern seas. Then its fertile valleys, "where every product of the temperate climate grows, and where immense herds of cattle may be fed," and its vast nitrate fields, doubtless destine it to greatness on land as well as on sea. Chile also promises great development in manufacturing. In fact, adds Mr. Winter, "Chile is more likely to become a commercial nation than any republic of South America." The great lack is commercial, not political. Mr. Winter admits that the Chilean Government is "a government of a few of the leading families;" that "elections are sometimes almost farcical."

Engraved Gems. By Duffield Osborne. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$6.

A book to absorb the attention of the technician and tyro alike. Signets and talismans and intaglios have helped us not a little in our knowledge of classic times. This for two reasons. First, because of all the monuments of antiquity they have come to us in the best state of preservation; and, second, because they have been particularly and intimately related to the lives of the men and women of old. We are not surprised to learn in these pages that even in ancient Rome there were collectors—Julius Cæsar himself was a collector—while from Lorenzo de' Medici to the present time the rulers of Europe have prided themselves on their collections. The present volume is not merely a history of gem-engraving, giving us, as it does, with

clearness the characteristics and developments of each period from the Greek scarabs, made for the Etruscan market, to the gem-engraving of to-day; it also describes interestingly the deities and other personages liable to be found on engraved gems. Finally, it gives a detailed account of the technique of the subject. The illustrations are mostly confined to the end of the book. The index is ample and is supplemented by a useful alphabetical list of various attributes and aspects of the sacred or sacrificial animals and of the trees and flowers which were subjects of engraving. Thus the book is replete with information for old and young; indeed, for the latter a condensation might be made with profit and published at a popular price.

Bismya, or the Lost City of Adab. By Edgar James Banks, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$5.

Dr. Edgar James Banks is director of the University of Chicago Oriental Exploration Fund. In the discharge of this function Dr. Banks has unearthed Bismya—the lost city of Adab—supposed to have been the oldest city of Babylon. The city of Adab was first occupied, says our author, perhaps ten thousand years ago. At that time the Persian Gulf, he claims, covered much of Babylon and the city was far nearer the shore than at present. Centuries before the Hebrew exiles were scattered over Babylon Adab had turned to mounds of clay. With the exception of Tello, where for many years the French have been excavating, no Babylon ruin, we learn, has yielded so many and so beautiful objects of art, or so many tablets, weapons, utensils of all sorts—even children's toys! They indicate what life was in Babylon thousands of years ago. The story of the recovery of this oldest of the civilized towns should appeal not only to the scholar but also to the general reader, for the account of adventure and restoration has been told in a decidedly popular way.

Egyptian Days. By Philip Sanford Marden. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$3.

To Dr. Ebers's, to Miss Edwards's, to Mr. Hichens's, and to other notable accounts of Egypt must now be added Mr. Marden's. The present volume is notable because it is very practical. It is not so practical as to be called "a mere guide-book," and, on the other hand, it is not a work too oppressively devoted to the archæological and historic aspects of Egypt. Nor is it a detailed description. It is a simple account. It gives a concise summary. It excludes matter unnecessary to the untutored. It does not attempt to tell too much, and, above all, it does give the author's atmospheric impressions. It has evidently been designed for the special needs of those who are planning to visit Egypt for the first time. But those who have visited Egypt may read it with pleasure and profit.

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

THE JAPANESE

I have read with great interest, if not with entire agreement, Mr. George Kennan's article, "Can We Understand the Japanese?" In the course of it he says to his Japanese friend: "I wish you would explain to me this suicide of defeated soldiers after an unsuccessful fight. *The practice is wholly unknown to us in the West*, and it strikes me as extremely wild, irrational, and fanatical." I would be glad if you would let me point out that the practice of self-sacrifice of life for the sake of honor is by no means unknown to Western races, and has never earned in the estimation of Western peoples the epithets he attaches to it. It has not been unusual for the captain of a sinking ship to prefer to go down with his vessel when he might have saved his life. We may regret the loss of a brave man in such circumstances, but the regret is more than tempered with pride at the reminder that the nobler qualities of manhood still survive in our race. And the motive is clear enough. Mr. Kennan should find this case useful for the further development of his argument, but I doubt if it will help him much in the proof of the conclusion he assumes. The fact that in a few cases he has been able to arrive at an explanation of things he admittedly did not understand when they happened hardly convinces one that he has attained to an adequate comprehension of those unexplored "regions of thought and emotion" to which Lafcadio Hearn alluded in "Japan: An Interpretation."

EDWARD F. STRANGE.

London, England.

I did not think, and I did not say, that "self-sacrifice of life for the sake of honor" is wholly unknown to us in the West; nor did I apply to it the adjectives that Mr. Strange quotes. What I did say was that "suicide of defeated soldiers is wholly unknown to us in the West," and that, I think, is true. I cannot recall a single case. Commanding officers, responsible for defeats, have occasionally committed suicide in the West—as did the admiral who directed the unsuccessful attack on Petropavlovsk, Kamchatka, in 1854—but such suicides are due to a fear of the consequences of defeat, a reluctance to face an inquiry into personal conduct or management. This is not the cause of military suicides in Japan. Soldiers in Western armies may possibly have committed suicide to avoid capture, but I have never happened to hear of such a case. So far as I know, it is a practice confined strictly to the Orient.

Mr. Strange's second point, viz., that I have not yet "attained to an adequate comprehension of the unexplored regions of Japanese thought and emotion," is perfectly true. I have not yet finished my exploration of such regions; but the progress that I have made thus far encour-

ages me to believe that when I shall have explored completely I shall understand completely. Mr. Hearn and Mr. Strange seem to think that there is something eccentric, if not esoteric, in the Japanese character—something that it is impossible for the Western student to comprehend. I doubt this very much. When we shall have learned fully and accurately the circumstances and influences that have formed the Japanese character, we shall be able to understand that character. There is no human mind, Oriental or Occidental, that is inscrutable. Upon this point I may venture perhaps to quote a distinguished Englishman who had long experience in the East and who found Orientals to be not only understandable but likable. In an article published in *The Outlook* in August, 1909, Sir Andrew H. L. Fraser, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, said:

"There is a sense in which every mind does, or can, seclude itself from every other mind; but this is true of Western as well as of Eastern hearts and minds. If one man chooses to keep another at a distance, he can do so. Or if two men are indifferent to one another, and have no desire for intimate acquaintance, it is most natural that they should not know or sympathize with each other. This is undoubtedly true of the East; it is also true of the West. It may perhaps be more common, but it certainly is not more natural, in the former than in the latter. I make this statement in the most distinct and emphatic manner, as the result of my thirty-seven years' experience of India, where I have known the people in their own homes and have had many dear and intimate friends. Both the Eastern and the Western are human. This is only to say that what they have in common is far more than that in which they differ. This statement cannot be denied. If it be admitted, however, it becomes unreasonable to assert the impossibility of touch and sympathy between the Eastern and Western mind or heart." ("Sympathy with the Oriental," by Sir Andrew H. L. Fraser, *The Outlook*, August 14, 1909.)

This agrees perfectly with the results of my own experience in Japan, and I find it hard to believe that such experiences are wholly exceptional.

GEORGE KENNAN.

Baddeck, C. B., Nova Scotia.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

This is the season of the year when the Consumers' League makes its annual plea for early Christmas shopping. In the hurly-burly of strenuous metropolitan life there are so many daily duties crowding upon each other and so many pleasant distractions that we are apt to procrastinate in selecting Christmas gifts unless the warning note of the Consumers' League reaches us above the noise and strife.

Do Christmas shoppers appreciate the real hardship and distress that is often incurred when saleswomen are working under an undue strain during the last few weeks before Christmas? It is not only saleswomen who suffer from the dilatoriness of shoppers, but the whole army of packers, bundlers, delivery clerks, and wagon boys. Moreover, if the selection of gifts is left until late in the season, merchants are delayed in sending duplicate orders to manufacturers for the articles that have proven most popular. As a result "hands" are kept speeding up and working overtime in factories and work-rooms until nerves are racked, muscles ache, and spirits droop. The natural result of this over-fatigue means for many a wretched young girl serious injury to her health.

Is it worth while for the sake of giving pleasure to a few friends to do so at the expense of the health and happiness of such large numbers of our community?

MAUD NATHAN, President.

The Consumers' League of the City of New York.

TO HUSBANDS

[Some time ago The Outlook reprinted practical advice given by a St. Louis patrolman to a wife whose domestic trouble with her husband had brought the two before a police court. At the time we suggested that it would be a capital idea for some woman to give equally terse advice to husbands. From the letters received in reply we select one which combines most of the suggestions made by all the writers.—THE EDITORS.]

Don't be impatient with your wife because you find her tired when you come home. Don't tell her she didn't need to work so hard, and that if she did work and get tired it is her own fault. Show a little sympathy and give her a bit of praise, instead.

If you feel that you should advise her to be more conservative of her strength and to leave some things undone until such time as she has gained strength to do them, say this to her after she has become rested.

Show her that you'd rather have a less perfectly appointed house, a less sumptuous dinner, one or two more ready-made school dresses for the daughter of the house, etc. That she is your companion, not your slave; and that you want her companionship, not her bounden duty. That her companionship means a happy mind and bright thoughts, and patience with you if you are a bit tired and tried.

If she is ill or worried about herself, consult a physician. No one knows how many women worry about their physical conditions, yet say nothing. And women nowadays have *nerves*.

If she wants money, let her have it if you can (I hope she knows the true value of it); if you can't, tell her the reason why.

And don't let generosity run away with common sense in money matters.

Consult together. Don't give her all the things she wants whether you can afford it or not, and then come home bankrupt and blame it onto her because she required so much.

There is nothing like children to bind husband and wife together.

Don't annoy a woman by talking to her of your business worries, unless she is an unusual woman and really wants to know them.

Avoid mothers-in-law—they are a jealous lot; also maiden aunts, who are mothers-in-law by proxy.

Let a woman have her way in little things. Guide and advise her, protect her; for that's your obligation.

Don't be jealous. Don't give cause for jealousy. Remember, the one who is jealous is usually, if not always, the one in fault. To be more forceful, the one who is jealous is the one to be watched.

Don't both get provoked at the same time. It wouldn't be a bad idea to agree, as part of the marriage contract, that the one who spoke the first cross word should have the end of his tongue cut off. And, finally, and in all seriousness, and covering all phases of this big question, here's this to ponder:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand."

And this:

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

And, last but not least:

"Do unto others as you would . . ."

M. B.

ULSTER AND HOME RULE

Why does The Outlook persist in reiterating the fallacious statement that "Ulster is opposed to Home Rule"? To speak of the northern province as being even Unionist is a misnomer. Ulster embraces thirty-three constituencies. Of these, sixteen return Unionist or anti-Home Rule representatives, while seventeen are held by Home-Rulers. Ulster, therefore, is about evenly divided on the issue of Home Rule. Take even Belfast: in three contested divisions of the city, out of a total registered vote of 31,342, the Unionists polled 16,111. In two contested divisions of Antrim, another stronghold of Unionism, the successful Unionist candidates polled only 8,829 electors out of an aggregate registered vote of 17,416. Nor is the northern province, it may be added, overwhelmingly Protestant, as many suppose; for, apart from Belfast, with its population of 255,000 (which includes 85,000 Catholics), Ulster is Catholic, not Protestant; the census figures (1901) standing at 699,202 Catholics and 627,674 Protestants, showing a Catholic majority (outside of Belfast, as stated) of 71,528. Bigotry should be laid aside and the simple truth stated when writing of Ulster vs. Home Rule.

Ouray, Colorado.

T. J. QUINN.

BY THE WAY

"In a month or so, judging by the past winters within my recollection," says a contributor to the "Farm Journal," "we may expect some cold weather, with more or less snow and sleet." This is not intended as a gentle satire on the generalities of the weather prophets, but merely as the text for advice to farmers to get their telephone lines in good condition for winter. Such work will soon become difficult or impossible, and the advice is timely.

Chile yields to no other country in the extent of her unbroken coast line, which extends from Peru to Cape Horn, a distance of about 4,000 miles. The Chilean Government is now engaged in making this great coast safe for mariners by erecting light-houses, at dangerous points, along its entire length.

Amid the general chorus of grumbling at the high price of meat there is one dissenting note—that of the "Ladies' Home Journal," which in its current number says, "We rejoice at the high prices of meats, and fervently say, 'May they soar higher and yet higher!'" Americans eat too much meat, the "Journal" thinks, and high prices will lessen the consumption. People who accuse this popular magazine of catering to conventionality should give it credit for courage on this question.

One of the delights of the man whose hobby is the collecting of paintings is that, sooner or later, most of the collectors get tired of their treasures and auction them off, so that other collectors get a chance to own them. The newest opportunity of this sort will be the sale of Mr. Emerson McMillin's collection, which includes Corot's famous "Orpheus and Eurydice" and four other Corots, a Millet, four examples of Troyon, eighteen pictures by George Inness, and many other notable canvases.

A novelty in picture-making is produced by cutting out of black paper a silhouette which is placed between two pieces of semi-transparent silk or fine-meshed netting, and hung up in a place where the light will fall through the mesh. Striking effects are produced in this way, and advertisers as well as artists have caught up the idea.

In a recent lawsuit regarding the ownership of a play a stage director testified that in thirty-two years' theatrical experience he had never heard of a play being produced as originally written. "The chief duty of a stage director," he said, "is meddling with manuscripts. I have even heard of stage directors who tried to improve on Shakespeare by revamping his works." As Shakespeare himself was a stage director, one wonders whether he took liberties with his own works in presenting them.

A teacher, says the "Christian Register," asked a class of children what a skeleton was; and a little boy replied, "It's bones with the people rubbed off."

The advance of civilization in New York City was recently marked by the opening of a new public playground and gymnasium in Fifty-ninth Street, not far from San Juan Hill and Hell's Kitchen. The gymnasium will be open in winter as well as summer. Wholesome activities provided by playgrounds and gymnasiums in every congested ward of our great cities will help to keep the boys from "shooting craps" on the corners and later develop-

ing into gamblers with records like "Lefty Louis" and "Gyp the Blood."

Chicago is to some extent eliminating the smoke nuisance. Her average locomotive now emits smoke the density of which is only 14.92 per cent, while the percentage three years ago was 23.3. These percentages are based on the supposition that zero would represent no smoke at all, while 100 per cent would mean dense black smoke all the time; the present condition therefore shows a decided improvement.

An ingenious housekeeper tells an exchange that an easy way to knead dough is to run it through a meat-chopper, with which nearly all households are supplied. "If a stiff biscuit dough is run through this three or four times," she says, "it is well worked."

A reader questions the use of the word "replica" in the phrase "a replica of Hudson's ship." A replica, properly speaking, is a duplicate copy, by the artist himself, of a work of art. But the term is acquiring a larger use, as is evidenced by the fact that the Oxford English Dictionary includes a secondary definition of the word as "a copy, reproduction, facsimile," and quotes Kipling and other authors as using the word in this wider sense.

An English firm has brought out a new luminous varnish for automobiles, which is said to render a car, without being fitted with lamps, visible for a long distance on a dark night.

King Alfonso of Spain has so far refused to follow the usual custom of the Spanish Court of residing at the Escorial during the summer. He is reported as saying lately, with grim humor, in explanation of his refusal, "I shall spend quite enough time at the Escorial when I am dead, and do not intend to stay there until I have lost the right to choose my residence." The Escorial Palace, it will be recalled, contains within its vast area the mausoleums which form the final resting-place of Spanish royalty.

Since 1900 726,000 acres of tillable land in New York State have been withdrawn from cultivation, says a pronouncement by the Automobile Trade League. The League makes this statement to emphasize the necessity of good roads to the farmer as well as the automobile-user. Better highways will make the land profitable again by bringing the farmer close to his market, is the argument.

The three big American electrical corporations, according to a trade journal, employ nearly 95,000 persons, and have a weekly pay-roll of nearly \$1,300,000 at present—the highest figure ever attained so far.

"If there is one tenet to which British self-complacency has clung with more desperate energy than another," says an English author, Mr. Charles Thomas-Stanford, in a recently published book "About Algeria," "it is that our people are the only successful colonists. . . . A motor drive through the rich plain which encircles Algiers will send our long-cherished belief a-packing to the limbo of dead British prejudices." The author describes with special enthusiasm a visit to a farm whose equipment included two motor cars and an aeroplane!